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JOHN HUNGERFORD, Esq;

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Dingley, in the County of Northampton,

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Following Sheets are inscribed,

A S

A Testimony of the Author's Respect and Esteem,

By his most obedient

Humble Servant,

Braybrook, Sept.  
23, 1764.

SAMUEL ROGERS.



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The Author likewise returns his warmest thanks to all his Subscribers; particularly to those who have given such ample testimony of their regard, not only by promoting liberally the subscription, but contributing some pieces, which, if he were allowed to distinguish them, would do honour to their names, and reflect the additional merit of acquaintance on the EDITOR, although they might affect the reputation of the AUTHOR.

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## E R R A T A.

Page 3, for *bounty*, read *county*; p. 7, for *greeting*, r. *grating*; p. 18, after *pull*, add *her*; p. 47, for *throng'd*, r. *thron'd*; p. 48, for *fears*, r. *tears*; p. 72, for *yet*, r. *you*; p. 83, for *undoubted*, r. *undaunted*; p. 93, for *Almeon's*, r. *Alcmeoris*; p. 109, the two lines "I shake  
"to tread the dreary way," &c. are to be placed next to "Pluto's  
"horror-winding glades." p. 161, for *Syrian*, r. *Tyrian*; *ibid.*  
for *will*, r. *quill*; p. 199, for *nor*, r. *ev'n*; p. 206, for *known*, r.  
*shown*; p. 219, for *lock*, r. *sock*; p. 223, after *and*, insert *foam'd*;  
p. 224, for *curse* *he*, r. *courser*; p. 228, for *captive*, r. *capture*; p.  
248, alter this line, "Thus have I seen," &c. to "Thus on a silky  
"summer's day." p. 258, after *trembling*, insert *nerve*.



---

---

P O E M S.

THE FIRST ODE OF HORACE,  
IMITATED.

To the \*\*\*\*\*

**I**LLUSTRIOUS Peer, whose gallery glows  
With ancestors in lengthen'd rows,  
Equal in honour and renown  
To the first monarch on a throne;  
Great patron of the humble bard,  
His glory, ornament, and guard,  
For once indulge a stranger's claim,  
Content on thine to graft his name,  
And by reflection borrow fame.

}

By different roads, as passion fires,  
Mankind to happiness aspires:  
Thus, at Newmarket's sunny plain,  
Fearless of danger or of pain,  
Their sov'reign bliss some fondly place  
In the short pleasures of the race;  
Where post well turn'd and rivals beat,  
Immortalize the glorious heat;  
And M—H, adorn'd with victor's crown,  
Thinks Heav'n itself a lesser boon.

Far from the fons of care and strife,  
Busied in schemes of rural life;  
Whose gen'rous soul for friendship form'd,  
With ev'ry social passion warm'd;  
With melting eye who views distress,  
Unhappy when he can't redress;  
Whether the plowman's chearful toil,  
Or bounty of paternal soil,  
Express'd in grateful crops of grain,  
That laughing crown or hill or plain;  
Or faithful hound of skill to rouse  
The otter from his native ooze;

Or angler's stiller arts employ,  
 His peaceful hours in solid joy:  
 Thus in retirement greatly blest,  
 Of all that nature asks, possessest,  
 Can the rude mob's tumult'ous cries,  
 Election-shouts that rend the skies,  
 Can all the riches of a throne,  
 To pensioners and place-men known,  
 Draw SAMWELL from his lov'd retreat,  
 In parliament to take a seat?

Regardless or of fame or health,  
 When once possessest of fav'rite wealth,  
 Inconstant S—T, professing ease,  
 Tries ev'ry bounty that may please:  
 Where splendid seat, stud, kennel, wh—re,  
 Besides a thousand megrims more,  
 Soon dissipate the present store.

The phantom strip of all but care  
 By the grim tyrant auctioneer,  
 In some sequester'd lodge obscure,  
 Hating no vice but being poor,

Expects, some large reversion fold,  
Shortly to shine again in gold.

BL—K in Claybury's friendly shade  
For ev'ry social pleasure made;  
Stranger to frenzy or despair,  
The tradesman's bustle, miser's care;  
In whom, agreeably combin'd,  
Each property to please we find,  
A generous heart and ample mind;  
His friends with flowing bumpers plies,  
Ere Phœbus measures half the skies;  
Nor finish'd thinks the jovial night,  
But by the purple dawn of light.

GRANBY delights in war's alarms,  
The cannon's roar, and clash of arms,  
The rattling drum or shriller fife,  
Rare quintessence of soldier's life!  
While, by the force of nature led,  
Fond mothers curse the sight of red.

S—BY, regardless of the fair,  
And ev'ry other softer care,

Unmov'd by hunger, thirst, or cold,  
 Nor ev'n by pain of gout controul'd;  
 For hounds how justly first in fame!  
 Briskly pursues the flying game;  
 And, ravish'd with the glorious chace,  
 Thinks GEORGE's throne a second place.

The ivy-wreath, fair learning's prize,  
 Exalts thee \*\*\*\*\* to the skies;  
 While humble bard, in breezy grove,  
 Where nymphs and nimble satyrs rove,  
 If but the tuneful nine conspire  
 To hail him master of the lyre,  
 Contented lives, and cheaply blest,  
 Envies not BUTE his high behest:  
 But if great \*\*\* condescends  
 To rank him once amongst his friends;  
 Lost in the brightness of my ray,  
 Stars in their orbs shall fade away.

HORACE,

HORACE, ODE XXVI. BOOK III.  
IMITATED.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus, &c.

**I** Once was a beau, and my person had charms,  
My blood beating briskly to Cupid's alarms;  
In the service of beauty, a champion of fame,  
By vict'ry attended wherever I came:  
But now crown'd with conquest, at Venus's shrine,  
Love-honours and trophies I freely resign:  
Devoted to peace near the billow-born queen,  
Suspended my ensigns of war may be seen:  
Lac'd hats and queue wigs, with whole suits of rich  
cloaths,  
With ruffles and rollers, th' artillery of beaus;  
And a full English ell of Toledo's best steel  
In the tip of the mode that hung down to the heel;  
Dire Panoply! threat'ning by Cupid its prince  
War, war on all hearts, that should dare a defence.

O goddess, who makest gay LEIC'STER thy care,  
And WILLOUGHBY blest with the witty and fair,

My

My desertion excuse, and believe me, dread power,  
 Now ROSALIND's mine, I'll offend thee no more:  
 If I should, then to punish the breach of my duty,  
 Confine me for life — in the arms of a beauty.

### ON A COUNTRY PARISH CLERK.

**I**N harsh greeting stanzas by Tom Sternhold penn'd,  
 Like the whetting a saw from beginning to end;  
 In still harsher sounds, Sternhold's harbinger says,  
 Let us sing just two staves to God's glory and praise.

But had David repented in no better metre,  
 We still might have wanted ev'n Christ and St. Peter;  
 Nor thro' thy dull medium, had cherubim known,  
 That he once sung in strains as sublime as their own:  
 Then stun us no longer with ekes and with ays;  
 Thy noise and his nonsense can never be praise.

## AN ENCOMIUM ON VIRTUE.

**V**IRTUE, sweeter than the light;  
Virtue, more than sun-beam bright;

Virtue, passing all degree,

The fairest far less fair than thee:

Calmer than the calm repose

Which the harmless infant knows:

Happy, happy queen of peace,

Endless pleasure, endless ease

Dwell with Thee, on Thee attend,

To abide where Thou shalt send:

Balm of every human care,

Sorrow, sickness, or despair:

Source of all that's great below,

Perfection of perfection Thou!

Now in fortitude exprest,

I see thee fire the hero's breast:

Keen the sword that Thou hast pointed,

Great the chief by Thee anointed:

No more he consents to fear,

Whene'er deaths and toils appear:



Deaths and toils for Thee he'll meet,  
Deaths how pleasing, toils how sweet!

Now the form of patience wearing,  
Wrongs and ills I see Thee bearing;  
Resting still thy gentle head  
On affliction's iron bed:  
Tears delightful bathe thy eyes,  
Pleasing are thy very sighs,  
Wafting heav'nward, every prayer,  
Sure to find acceptance there.

What would senseless Folly give,  
One such moment to receive?  
All her unendearing smiles,  
That gay varnish, that beguiles  
In dimpled falshood outward shown,  
To the pensive heart unknown.

Sometimes in dejection meek,  
On the blushing virgin's cheek,  
Thou art seen with crimson dye,  
Livery of modesty,

Arming all the graces there,  
Which without Thee feeble were.

Oh! whate'er's thy name, with Thee  
Dwells our whole felicity:  
Who has Thee, secure may go  
O'er burning sands and frozen snow;  
Savages shall homage pay,  
Flames divide to make Thee way.

Thus the hungry lion stood  
Tame, and spar'd the prophet's blood;  
Thus the furnace, seven times hot,  
All its scorching rage forgot:  
Great as e'er our ills may be,  
Virtue, all shall yield to Thee:  
Or, if Virtue want a friend,  
Heav'n shall guardian angels send.

## A P P E T I T E.

**I**N vain the crafty angler tries,  
 With baits the barble to betray;  
 For she, like him, has Argus' eyes,  
 And scorns to be his easy prey:  
 Th' alluring bait with sportive tail  
 She strives to loose from deadly hook;  
 But if her wise endeavours fail,  
 Just tastes, and flies to neighb'ring brook.  
 Thus happy would each mortal be,  
 If he would view with barble's eyes,  
 Thro' each enchanting pleasure seeing  
 What deadly grief beneath it lies.  
 If future pains and certain woe  
 Be closely link'd with present joy,  
 Let him the pleasing bait forgo,  
 Nor gain by deadly grief a toy.

## THE FIRST PSALM.

**B**less'd is the man who stops his ears  
To all the pleas which sin prefers;

And eloquence of vice ;

Whose foot the dang'rous path declines,

Where wickedness applauded shines,

And virtue's force defies :

Where, disciplin'd, on either hand

Large troops of busy mockers stand,

And scorers croud the way ;

Whose impious principles assail

The ductile soul, and oft prevail

To lead the heart astray.

Thrice blest is he ! whose conscience draws

Its bliss from great Jehova's laws,

Its happiness from God :

Who makes his worship his delight,

And exercises day and night

Obedience to his nod.

Like trees the pregnant stream beside,  
Whose root, with moisture well supply'd,  
New vigour thence derive,  
The just shall flourish, bloom, and shoot,  
And in due season yield his fruit,  
And, multiplying, thrive.

Flush'd with an everlasting green,  
His leaf to latest times be seen  
In verdure all its own.  
On all he does shall wait success ;  
Prosperity his conduct bless,  
And all his labours crown.

Not such is the ungodly's fate,  
Not such is their precarious state,  
The sport of every blast ;  
Like chaff before the wind they fly,  
Dispers'd and scatter'd thro' the sky ;  
In every corner cast.

When God to judgment calls mankind,  
Dash'd shall th' ungodly lag behind,

Afraid

Afraid their judge to view ;  
 And, banish'd from his presence, go  
 To all the darker scenes of woe,  
 In endless penitence to rue.

### THE CXIV PSALM.

**W**HEN Israel's sons, a close-compact'd host,  
 For promis'd realms exchange'd the Memphian  
 coast,  
 God bow'd the heavens, and pleas'd on earth to reign,  
 Pitch'd his pavilion 'midst the chosen train.

As to the floods his fav'rite tribes he led,  
 The ocean saw, and in confusion fled ;  
 On either hand the waves divided stood,  
 And walls of chrystal staunch'd the broken flood :  
 Old Jordan's streams confess'd a secret force,  
 And, driving upwards, sought their distant source :  
 Enormous mountains tottering to their base,  
 Bounded like rams, nor knew to keep their place.  
 Like wanton lambkins at the close of day,  
 The little hills were seen to skip and play.

What

What ails thee, sea? what secret impulse heaves  
Thy troubled depths, and thus disturbs thy waves?  
Struck by th' approach of what mysterious power  
Does Jordan upwards trace his trembling shore?  
Why, O ye mountains, with confusion struck,  
Skipp'd ye like rams, and to your centres shook?  
Why, O ye little hills, in wild amaze,  
Danc'd ye like lambs, and started from your base?

'Twas God, 'twas God, th' obsequious depths declare;  
Streams, hills, and mountains own a God was there;  
Even Jacob's mighty God, at whose decree  
Flints teem with springs, and rocks dispense a sea.

## THE CXXXVII PSALM.

**W**Here fam'd Euphrates, with triumphant pride,  
 Conscious of empire, rolls his deep'ning tide;  
 Pierc'd with the taunts of our insulting foe,  
 We wept in all the bitterness of woe;  
 With tears incessant swell'd th' imperious stream,  
 For Sion, suff'ring Sion, was our theme;  
 Fresh in our minds her bleeding image rose,  
 And deep reflection heighten'd all our woes.

Our harps, e'er while with softest music strung,  
 Neglected now, on plaintive willows hung;  
 When lo! the tyrant, whose successful sword  
 Made Sion bow, and own a foreign lord,  
 Disdainful, ask'd a tributary song,  
 And call'd for music from a grief-ty'd tongue:  
 Swift o'er the harp, he cries, your fingers bend,  
 And bid extatic melody ascend;  
 Swift let the notes in holy raptures rise,  
 And bear the soul transported to the skies.



But how ? oh ! how ? by what prevailing art  
Can music vibrate from a broken heart ?  
In distant climes can Sion's children raise  
Loud songs of joy, and swell the note of praise ?

Alas ! too deep are all thy wrongs impress,  
And grav'd on living tablets in my breast :  
Big with thy sorrows, can I sweep the lyre  
To tunes of mirth, and rapt'rous strains inspire ?

If ever my perfidious soul forgoes  
Its love to Thee, nor thinks on Sion's woes ;  
If, flush'd with pleasure, and with mirth elate,  
I cease to think on thy disastrous fate,  
May torpid pains o'er my right hand prevail,  
And every treach'rous nerve contracted fail :  
My double tongue let endless silence chain,  
No more to warble the harmonious strain,  
But mute its base ingratitude atone,  
Or only speak to make its baseness known.

But, Lord, forget not how fell Edom cry'd,  
Down, down with Sion, crush her haughty pride ;

Low as the earth lay ev'ry lofty mound,  
And pull heaven-built bulwarks to the ground;  
O'erturn her towers, erase her boasted wall,  
And let the nations triumph in her fall.

O impious city! with success how curst!  
One constant scene of cruelty and lust!  
How happy he! who shall in after-times  
Reward thy rudeness, and revenge thy crimes;  
Whose soul, indignant of its chains, shall burn,  
And every act of cruelty return;  
Who, stung with anger, with resentment fir'd,  
By heav'n assisted, as by heav'n inspir'd,  
On pointed rocks dash thy devoted race,  
Nor leave a single footstep of their place.

Quare

Quare tristis es anima mea, &c.

PSALM XLII. VERSE 6.

**W**HY, O! my soul, with black despair oppress?  
 No more, no more!  
 These gloomy cares give o'er!

It was but earthly treasure at the best;  
 Then unconcern'd this trifling loss sustain,  
 Since from the shock we this great lesson gain,  
 That life's a dream, and all its pleasures vain.

II.

Seek then, my soul, in Heav'n's bright realms to shine,  
 No pleasure here,

In this dull sphere

Deserves a sigh, or even a thought of thine;  
 But when affliction points her storms at me,  
 Let God the rock of my salvation be,  
 Who all my griefs shall crown with immortality.

# THE AFFLICTED CHRISTIAN'S HYMN.

**T**ROUBLED on all sides, not distress'd,  
Perplex'd without despair;  
Tho' persecuted, yet still bless'd  
With Heav'n's peculiar care.

**II.**  
Cast down and chaf'n'd, yet not kill'd  
With all our load of woes;  
Tho' poor, with greater riches fill'd  
Than all this world bestows.

**III.**  
As sorrowful, yet full of joy;  
As strangers, yet well known;  
And tho' we daily seem to die,  
'Tis we that live alone.

## IV.

Afflictions on the righteous wait,  
 Kind angels of God's love;  
 And death itself is but the gate  
 To endless life above.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus.

HOR.

## I.

**F**OND soul, forbear,  
 Nor hope your prayer  
 Can scale Heav'n's battlements, and reach his ear.  
 His wisdom great  
 Had n't been complete,  
 Did not our last tremendous period lie  
 Deep in th' unfathom'd gulf of dark obscurity.

II. The

## II.

The sailor, safe from stormy seas,

Wholly resigns himself to ease:

His thoughtless breast

No cares molest:

No dread of future voyage breaks his sleep,

Nor fancy'd terrors of his foundering ship.

## III.

Thus the firm soul, uncertain of its stay,

Each hour expecting to be call'd away,

Seizes the fleeting moments as they glide:

Celestial peace, Elysian joy,

Its busy thoughts alone employ;

And all the world's gay trifles laid aside,

Is ever ready, ever on the wing

To join the heav'nly host, and hallelujah's sing.

## THE RESURRECTION.

## A P O E M.

Occasioned by a View of the Paintings in Queen's  
College Chapel, Oxford.

WHERE rais'd on high a venerable fane  
Collects Philippa's sons, a learned train,  
The painter's flowing hand, with vast design,  
Has taught the animated glass to shine.  
Full on its breathing surface stand display'd  
Celestial forms in majesty array'd;  
Whilst mortals from their long, long trance arise,  
And meet their awful Judge with trembling eyes.

Aid me, O muse, thy sister art to trace,  
And like the colours glow the raptur'd lays;  
Of the great theme, like them, expressive rise,  
Leave the dull earth, and emulate the skies.

Resolv'd to shadow out a finish'd draught,  
Far as Time's bound the artist stretch'd his thought

To that dark point wrapt in the secret womb  
Of deep futurity's unfathom'd gloom,  
When wide its terrors the last trump shall spread,  
And with amazement fill the awaken'd dead,  
Rapt like Apollo's priest, his heaving breast  
In fancy sees the wond'rous scene confest;  
His pencil copies what his thoughts survey,  
And catches all the business of the day.

See first immortal pleasure in their eye,  
The heav'nly host with splendour fill the sky,  
Their joyful hands triumphant branches hold,  
And on each forehead beams a crown of gold;  
Drawn out along the wide ethereal road  
In bright array, they speak th' approach of God.

And now, the signal given, the clarions round,  
Blown by th' arch-angel's mighty breath, resound;  
All nature trembles at the piercing blast,  
And, as transfixt, pale mortals stand aghast.  
Ev'n the cold dead the direful summons take,  
Start in their tombs, and from their prisons break;  
Whether in stormy seas they found a grave,  
Loud booming o'er their heads the gulphy wave,



Or searching deep in mines for noxious ore  
Far from the realms of light, return'd no more.  
Instant they hear : inform'd with wonted heat,  
Each moulder'd atom takes its former seat :  
The scatter'd members, to their stations true,  
Range into order, and their tasks renew.

See how the lab'ring womb of fertile earth  
Groans with the burden of a second birth !  
Unnumber'd millions spring to light again,  
And thronging bodies stalk along the plain.  
So when the Leader of the chosen seed  
O'er stubborn Egypt stretch'd his vengeful reed,  
Quick to his hand th' obedient pest repair,  
And swarms of locusts darken all the air.

But whence yon deluge of refulgent light  
Rushing, resistless, on the aching sight ?  
Begirt with power and majesty severe,  
Triumphant see the filial God appear !  
In full ten thousand radiant glories drest,  
And all the Father in the Son exprest,  
He comes sublime upon the wat'ry bow  
Whilst worlds conven'd, expect their doom below.

And is this he, who, vers'd in scenes of woe,  
 Felt every grief unhappy mortals know?  
 Who in the stall repos'd his infant head,  
 And on the cross in dying anguish bled?  
 How chang'd he seems! how alter'd is his mien!  
 Not one dull relic of the mortal seen!  
 Crown'd with the honours of his native sky,  
 The Man is swallow'd in the Deity.

Mark how the guilty nations shrink with fear,  
 And, shivering, view the stern avenger near!  
 Their inward feelings on each brow we trace,  
 And their rack'd soul comes rushing thro' their face.

O! with what joy the wretches now would bear  
 Whole years of pain to breathe the vital air;  
 To live their precious moments o'er again,  
 And warn'd, the fatal paths of vice refrain!  
 But useless flow their tears; in vain their sighs,  
 Their angry God the lavish'd boon denies.

Far different passions move the righteous band,  
 In fearless confidence serene they stand:

On their Redeemer fix their guiltless eyes,  
And in full hope enjoy the promis'd skies.  
Now soaring high, in crowds they wing their way  
To the bright regions of immortal day ;  
Whence they behold, with retrospective view,  
What storms of wrath the sons of sin pursue :  
For lo ! in piercing agonies of heart,  
To dire abodes of horror they depart.  
Behind, with vengeful arm, an angel rears  
His flaming sword, and thunders in their ears ;  
Drives them for ever from the realms of light  
Down the dark precipice to endless night :  
With hideous jaws wide gapes the deep abyss,  
While all around tremendous furies hiss.  
Methinks I see the vast infernal pool  
With black malignant streams of sulphur roll,  
In livid tides the surging billows flame,  
And all hell's rage clings round the writhing frame.

Thrice happy art ! which, bounteous to mankind,  
At once delights and rectifies the mind.  
Still may the wond'rous piece in glory live,  
And all the rude effects of chance survive !

With pious terrors awe the times to come,  
 And oft remind them of their future doom,  
 That when in real pomp the JUDGE appears,  
 Bold they may rise and mount the starry spheres.

## ODE TO SOLITUDE.

### I.

**O**! Solitude, to thy blest seat  
 Repair the serious, sage, and good;  
 A blessing by the vain and great  
 Ill understood.

### II.

The world's a friend of dang'rous cast,  
 Whose snares at first we cannot see;  
 But flatter'd, tir'd, deceiv'd, at last  
 We fly to thee.

## III.

To thee along the lonely vale  
    Afflicted VIRTUE pours her grief,  
And, like the mournful nightingale,  
    Finds some relief.

## IV.

To thee the love-lorn dove complains  
    On yon sequester'd shady pine;  
Well pleas'd to tell her heart-felt pains,  
    Resembling mine,

## V.

How blest the man whose envied lot  
    Is far from cities noise and strife,  
Who leads in lowly straw-built cot  
    A quiet life.

## VI.

Blest ! who in groves his care beguiles,  
And spends his studious hours ;  
Or in the walks where Nature smiles,  
Or shady bowers.

## VII.

O ! teach me, Heav'n, such scenes to love,  
Meat, labour, ease, with moderation,  
And what the mind will much improve,  
Self-conversation.

## VIII.

Unhappy he ! whose public cares,  
Or private crimes are numerous grown ;  
Who either cannot, or who fears  
To be alone.

ON SELF-COMPLACENCY AND  
RURAL CONTENTMENT.

**I**N every soil some happiness we find,  
 Some fav'rite object to engage the mind.  
 The cottage swain as solid pleasure feels,  
 As lords with fifty servants at their heels.  
 The village-tutor, keeping youth in awe,  
 Is great as CÆSAR, giving kingdoms law.  
 Behold! the wealthy merchant counting o'er  
 His gains imported from the Indian shore:  
 With equal pride, and with as thoughtful brows,  
 The grazier counts the profit of his cows;  
 While on his tongue th' attentive vestry hang,  
 And wait the sentence of his sage harangue.  
 The dext'rous farmer, settling parish rates,  
 Thinks himself great as PELHAM in debates.  
 Each mean mechanic, with elated heart,  
 Presumes for praise from his respective art;  
 Let WREN or JONES fame more extensive raise,  
 Yet he can fill his little orb with praise.  
 The courtly belles their greatest blessings call  
 A gay assembly, or a birth-night ball.

Far humbler joys shall PHYLIS happy make,  
A Christmas gambol, or a country wake;  
To her, from hence, each high-wrought rapture flows,  
Which dear Vaux-hall or Ranelagh bestows.

Me, nursling of the nine, the muse inspires,  
And in my bosom kindles gentle fires:  
To POPE's unequal tho' my numbers flow,  
Thy laurels, POPE, I ask not for my brow;  
Content alone if blooming CHLOE deigns  
To give attention to my humble strains.

O let me then to sylvan scenes retire,  
Invoke the muse, and string the tuneful lyre!  
Long may I haunt hills, vallies, groves, and fields,  
And taste each pleasure which the country yields!  
There let my mind with various themes be fraught,  
Whilst blooming nature helps the teeming thought,  
There mourn BRITANNIA's blasted wreaths, or plan  
A moral lecture for the good of man.

'Twas thus VALERIUS, in his cool retreat,  
Gave rules of wisdom to defend the state;

Thus



Thus SCIPIO schemes of public honour laid,  
And form'd new triumphs in the peaceful shade.

Let others then, amidst the bustling crew,  
Vast schemes of wealth and grandeur still pursue:  
Let others quit their home, and place their joys  
In crowded courts, in cities, pomp, and noise:  
APOLLO's vot'ries, far retir'd from strife,  
Approve the calmness of a rural life;  
Joy, self-sufficient, fills each humble bard,  
Whose muse's virtue is a full reward.

F T O

TO MR. \*\*\*\*\* BELL-FOUNDER  
AND CHIME-MAKER.

SINCE you, good Sir, (whose fame each country  
tells

For founding, hanging, and attuning bells)  
Since you to them adjust harmonious chimes,  
Soft artful echo of the poet's rhimes,  
The muse, in verse, with pleasure shall relate  
Thy art, assistant both to church and state.

She means not, Sir, her time and praise to waste  
On tinkling hand-bells of inferior cast,  
What STENTOR rings, with gravity of phyz,  
To usher in the importance of "O yes:"  
Nor those which, jingling from the foremost load,  
Chear each slow-footed pack-horse on the road;  
Nor those that ring a thousand times a day,  
Whom waiters, maids, and footmen all obey.

Far nobler themes I sing; the lofty power  
Of sound, from yon old venerable tower,

Which

Which in loud clangor rends the echoing air  
When happy DAMON weds the blooming fair,  
Or furious BRITONS on th' embattled plain,  
Vanquish'd their foes, the field's great masters reign.

When Roman heroes, with the spoil of wars,  
Approach'd the city in triumphant cars,  
While gladsome peans hail'd the glorious day,  
And fresh-cull'd flowers bestrew'd the public way;  
Had bells but rung, complete had been their joys,  
And fuller shouts of triumph rent the skies.

Ev'n fancy now brings to my ravish'd ears  
Notes like the fabled music of the spheres:  
Hark! they come floating on each spreading gale  
Down TYBER's stream, thro' all the neighbouring vale:  
From JOVE's high CAPITOL how strong the sound!  
And ROME's seven hills re-echo all around.

Tho' nice divisions fiddles boast; the harp  
Abounds with strings, whose notes are flat and sharp;  
Tho' various stops the solemn organ grace,  
The sprightly treble, and majestic base;

Yet say what base, what treble can excel  
 The chearful matin\*, or the funeral knell?  
 What note like that which sounds from PAUL's high  
     dome?  
 What diapazon like the mighty Tom?

Nor less have bells our passions at command  
 Than vocal choir, or instrumental band:  
 When the deep sound tolls slow o'er solemn biers,  
 See pity droops, and sorrow sheds her tears:  
 But whene'er gay festivities draw nigh,  
 And happy seasons call forth public joy,  
 What notes more lively can our senses know  
 Than the loud changes of the bells at Bow?  
 Which, tho' the ears of city-fops they shock,  
 Chear ev'ry porter lolling on his block;  
 And thence convey'd along the bordering streams,  
 Rejoice each village on the banks of THAMES.

When bells hail in great CÆSAR's natal day,  
 When ev'ry village, ev'ry town is gay,

\* Viz. The bell that rings at four o'clock in the morning.

On market-hills when crackling bonfires blaze,  
Whilst every street rebellows with huzzas,  
Then, then our souls true patriot pleasure feel,  
As each high turret gives the joyful peal;  
In ev'ry tavern honest healths go round,  
And JACOBITES grow loyal ev'n by sound.

Let HANDEL play, and FRASI charm the fair  
With opera songs and soft Italian air;  
Our country swains with greater pleasure hear  
Fam'd Gog-ma-gog, old Doubles, and Grandseer;  
Which while they ring sonorous, clear, and sweet,  
The face of commerce smiles along the street;  
Their merry rounds ev'n some refreshment yield  
To toiling husbandry amidst the field.

Let skilful Germans with their hands and feet  
Still play their chimes, and labour still and sweet:  
Far more the barrel does our wonder move,  
Which strikes the hammers on the bells above.  
Taught thus with sounds melodious to prolong  
PLAYFORD's grave psalm, or PURCELL's tuneful song.

No longer ALBION, for the time to come,  
Shall raise her armies by the beat of drum ;  
Her youth but coldly mind what captains say  
Of pleasant quarters, or of present pay ;  
But when they hear, in notes exalted higher,  
“ BRITONS strike home” from yonder sacred spire ;  
Their spirits kindling at the martial song,  
Rush furious to revenge their Country’s wrong.  
In vain a sister bids her brother stay,  
Invents in vain new causes of delay.  
In vain the mother would her son detain,  
And black-ey’d SUSAN sheds her tears in vain.  
See the brave lads, whilst brighter glory charms,  
Resistless break from their opposing arms ;  
Chearful to war in burning climes they run,  
As if, the labour of the harvest done,  
They meant themselves a while but to regale  
With merry dancing, and with cakes and ale.

Nor here forget the pious founder’s Care,  
When notes discordant strike th’ offended ear ;  
Soon as the inconsistent sounds are known,  
He pares off all excrescences of tone.

Studious examines all, till all agree,  
Note following note in truest harmony.

Thus bards retrench each rough poetic draught,  
And lop off all redundancy of thought;  
Correcting long what they had wrought too soon,  
Smooth each harsh line, and chip 'em into tune.

Proceed, great man! whose fam'd mechanic hand  
Works wond'rous service to thy native land;  
Proceed! 'till chimes, by thy auspicious art,  
Raise noblest passions in each British heart:  
Proceed! 'till squeamish Schismatics shall deign  
To hear their sounds, nor think their music vain;  
No longer bells with Popery condemn,  
But, tun'd to peace, learn harmony from them.  
Hence village swains thy bells and fame shall raise,  
The muse you aid shall chime in grateful lays,  
And every town ring loudly of thy praise.

## CLASSICAL PHILOSOPHY.

## A V I S I O N.

Quid verum atque decens curo & rogo, &c. HOR.

'**R**A P T into ages past, when wisdom rear'd  
 Her sacred head, by human kind rever'd,  
 Sudden upborn on fancy's wing I flew,  
 And earth retiring, dy'd upon the view;  
 Loft in blue mists huge mountains stole away,  
 Seas, forests, plains in one dim prospect lay.  
 Boundless her operations, the free mind  
 Thro' space unmeasur'd travels unconfin'd;  
 Quick as young sun-beams darts her agile pow'r  
 Thro' countless ages as a single hour;  
 With equal ease, still active, loves to rove,  
 To depths beneath, or brighter scenes above:  
 From worlds to worlds with wings unwearied flies,  
 Or bids at pleasure new creations rise:  
 A grove appear'd with solemn verdure crown'd,  
 And reverential silence dwelt around;



Awful the place, for meditation made,  
 Eternal laurels spread a learned shade:  
 High rose a portico with decent state,  
 Plain was the structure, but with plainness neat.  
 Here wisdom's sons, long since from earth remov'd,  
 At length enjoy'd the sweet retreat they lov'd.  
 Some glorious realm it seem'd of happier days,  
 Where virtue all her golden scenes displays:  
 Some safer clime beneath a better sun,  
 As free from folly as to vice unknown;  
 Like that where sages preach'd "all cares should cease,  
 Lost in calm joys and pure Elysian peace."  
 Here sect or variance are in one combin'd,  
 Like friends, with Stoics Academics join'd;  
 In mutual amity their days they spend,  
 Wisdom their study, Happiness their end,

Here with sharp eye the SAMIAN\* sage descry'd—  
 How in their orbs celestial bodies glide:  
 Anon to morals the discourse inclin'd,  
 To purge from gross impurities the mind;

\* Pythagoras.

To clear the mists that cloud th' internal eye ;  
 And mortals raise to immortality  
 By truth with adoration just rever'd,  
 And free beneficence on all conferr'd :  
 No subtle rules his principles comprise,  
 Extravagantly great, and wildly wise,  
 While with strong thought and rude unbounded force,  
 Bold he asserts the soul's eternal course,  
 How other forms on the same essence wait,  
 Deathless her nature, variable her fate ;  
 Intent without reply his audience stay'd,  
 And reverence in implicit silence paid.

Not far remote the brave ATHENIAN\* stood :  
 Supremely wise, and amiably good :  
 Calm was his accent, affable his mien,  
 His aspect firm, severe, and yet serene.  
 "Know then thyself," the modest sage began,  
 Presume not nature's mysteries to scan :  
 Let Man thy study, Reason be thy guide ;  
 Know happiness with virtue's near allied.

\* Socrates.

Leave the vain searches of chimeras dead,  
 Of fiery Typhons, or the Gorgon's head.  
 Fathom thy own dark bosom; haply there  
 Monsters more fierce, more horrid will appear.  
 Explore thy own strange being; if here ends  
 Thy lease of life; or further it extends;  
 Renew'd in some blest state, some world unknown;  
 Death but thy rest, thy painful journey done.

Awe-struck, a while with pleas'd assent I stood;  
 Then hail'd the judgment of the Delphic god;  
 Not that some unseen genius seem'd to rule,  
 And prompt the grave assertions of his soul;  
 But deep experience by long pains obtain'd,  
 And prudence by reflective reason gain'd.

Next HE\*, to whom in Academus' shade,  
 The list'ning groves a charm'd attention paid,  
 Began his mighty precepts to unfold,  
 Gaily sublime, and elegantly bold.  
 Like some young eagle straight he tow'rs away,  
 Vent'rous his flight, and mounts to meet the day.

\* Plato.

Deep secrets he explores : how one vast soul  
 Pours thro' the world, and actuates the whole :  
 How sparks struck from each animal inspire  
 Celestial sparks of elemental fire.  
 How still the youthful soul maintains her race,  
 Her permanence all time, her bounds all space.  
 With strong idea and capacious thought,  
 Of man, and man's dark nature much he taught ;  
 Thro the whole maze his wond'rous theme pursues,  
 Nor single parts, but all united views :  
 Shews vice in horrid portraiture display'd,  
 And virtue in attractive charms array'd.

There the great STAGYRITE \* attentive read,  
 While nature all her mystic volumes spread ;  
 Who her nice laws with reach of thought maintain'd,  
 And all by fair analysis explain'd :  
 Connection, order clearly stood reveal'd,  
 Effect and cause their due proportion held.

ZENO his rigid maxims there disclos'd ;  
 Around his Stoic pupils stood dispos'd ;

\* Aristotle

In virtue's cause their suffrage all unite,  
Severely wise, and obstinately right.

CATO was there, beyond example good,  
No tool of state, by fortune unsubdu'd;  
Whose soul supreme, insuperably great,  
Look'd with contempt on CÆSAR and on fate;  
Resign'd with secret joy this painful world,  
By vice oppress'd and tyranny controul'd.

Here SENECA, with short expressive force,  
Renew'd the tenets of his grave discourse.  
Of constancy he spoke, of mutual love,  
And the fierce war ungovern'd passions move;  
August he seem'd in Roman majesty;  
Ungrateful NERO less a king than he.

Last HE\*, whose thunder shook Rome's Capitol,  
Declaim'd; his style free, pompous, strong and full:  
Graceful his gesture, bold his look appear'd,  
And great as when the wondering fathers heard;

\* Tully.

When force of words o'er CÆSAR's soul prevail'd,  
And eloquence was crown'd where arms had fail'd.  
Sworn to no sect, of all he seem'd to be,  
Free as the genius of Rome's liberty :  
Now diving deep where nature's secrets lie,  
Now of immortal Beings reasoning high :  
Of duty now, of virtue, happiness :  
What rightly we abhor, and what caress :  
Whence, by nice feelings warm'd, the soul retires ;  
To what by certain instinct she aspires.  
Content or pleasure, which our chiefest end,  
Science or ease, to which our views should tend :  
If into active virtues life should fly,  
Or stagnate into downright apathy.

Oh glorious theme ! philosophy our guide,  
Secure we sail down life's tumultuous tide :  
By gusts of passion when at random borne,  
Cool reason steers us, and sweet calms return :  
Man that HE LIVES, the boon to nature owes ;  
That WELL HE LIVES, philosophy bestows.

## AN ADDRESS TO THE SOUL.

—Totamque infusa per artus  
Mens agitat molem— VIRG.

COME then, thou restless tenant of this breast,  
My soul! thou busy, active, trembling guest!  
By thy own impulse, that thou art I feel;  
But what, or how, or where, I cannot tell.  
No fruitless searches shall my thoughts employ,  
Contented, blest in this that I enjoy:  
Mysterious something! how should man pretend  
To state thy place, thy essence, or thy end?  
Oh great enquiry! worthy all our care,  
But oh great maze, where all who enter, err:  
Where wand'ring fages clos'd the feeble eye,  
Of nothing certain, but uncertainty:  
Doubting if fire, air, ocean gave thee birth,  
Or heavenly temper'd some pure seeds of earth:  
If bounded, fixed, determin'd to one part;  
Throng'd in the brain, or fluttering in the heart;  
If flowing free where life's warm currents roll  
In purple tides, and mixing with the whole.

Oh vain enquiry ! 'tis enough for thee  
 To feel a presence which no eye can see,  
 No words explain : when yet, with helpless cries,  
 The new-born infant testifies surprize :  
 When nature bids our being first begin,  
 To motion hazarding the nice machine ;  
 Thy secret influence teaches to explain,  
 With smiles or fears, the sense of joy or pain,  
 Ere the stay'd tongue, in native silence bound,  
 Bursts its strong chains, and struggles into sound :  
 When yet the tender eye with aching sight  
 Flies fearful the strong glare of troubling light,  
 Thou taught'st the pity-moving hand to rear,  
 And steal from hatred an unwilling tear.

Quick throbs the heart, by thee of danger warn'd,  
 And the soft blush is into paleness turn'd.  
 Our age advanc'd, still spreading with our years,  
 Thy ruling power more visibly appears :  
 It warms our courage, wings our hopes to fly,  
 And dawns with beams of immortality :  
 With sense of honour all our bosom fires,  
 Shudders at shame, and to itself retires.



In life's still morn, in noon's meridian heat,  
 Or when with age at evening we retreat;  
 Thro' every season of our doubtful day  
 To safety, virtue, bliss thou point'st the way.

Oh! may'st thou long within this breast reside,  
 Prompt all its actions, all its motions guide;  
 Heal all its frailties with informing care,  
 Hush into peace loud passion's stormy war.  
 When rul'd by thee, to life's last verge we come,  
 Disarm'd are all the terrors of the tomb:  
 No fluttering conscience points the 'envenom'd dart;  
 No secret anguish rends the quivering heart.  
 Virtue, fair advocate, to heav'n shall speed  
 For mercy, there with sure success to plead;  
 And thou releas'd from dull mortality,  
 In triumph shalt resume thy native sky.

## NATURE THE BEST GUIDE.

**I**NFORM me, reason, spark of heav'nly birth,  
 Vouchsaf'd benignly to the sons of earth;  
 Man's wisest guardian, counsellor, and friend,  
 Without thee, dead or living, to no end;  
 Why is this creature form'd to high command,  
 To rule, direct, and civilize the land  
 With parts sublime, and mind to Heav'n ally'd,  
 So oft the scorn of all the world beside.  
 So mean, so blind, so abject, so unblest,  
 His ways a riddle, and his works a jest.  
 Explain the cause, the poison'd fountain show,  
 Whence discontent and disappointment flow;  
 Whence censure, ridicule, and all that train  
 That vex the weak, the wicked, and the vain.  
 Is't not from rash contempt of nature's ways?  
 From affectation of forbidden praise?  
 All quit their sphere, and run with heedless haste  
 To roam at random in an endless waste;  
 'Till taught too late, the wretched pilgrims mourn  
 Their wide mistake, and sigh for a return.

Loft in a labyrinth themselves have made;  
Benighted in their own reflected shade.

One path there is smooth, easy, straight, and true,  
Which nature marks, and warns us to pursue:  
Some useful quality to each assign'd,  
To make him friend or father of mankind.  
But obstinate in wrong, we blindly press  
On others rights, ingenious to transgress;  
Forfake the circle safely to be trod,  
And leave a SURE to haunt a FANCIED good.

Say, should the bird design'd in air to fail,  
Attempt the flames, must not her pinions fail?  
Should the huge ox, ordain'd to crop the food  
Which meadows yield, plunge headlong in the flood;  
Or leaping forth, old ocean's scaly race  
Forfake their element, and pant on grass;  
Must not the ONE o'erpower'd in water lie?  
The OTHER, void of moisture, gape and die?  
Thus man and all his labours are destroy'd,  
When farther than his proper sphere employ'd.

Let nature guide: she sows the goodly feed:  
 Do thou but cherish, fairest fruit succeed:  
 Ne'er thwart her tendency, nor strive to force  
 Unwilling plants against their natural course:  
 Tho' busy art extort a winter flower,  
 It blooms, is nipt, and withered in an hour.  
 Consult; obey; enquire of her thy road,  
 Surer than answers of the Delphic god:  
 Ne'er check thy speed where'er she bids thee haste,  
 Convinc'd that her instructions are the best.

Had awful VIRGIL left th' inspiring shade,  
 And made the business of the bar his trade,  
 That modesty which grac'd the POET's lays,  
 Had robb'd the ORATOR of half his praise.

Or hadst thou, POPE, with other glory fir'd,  
 Some other studies than thy own admir'd,  
 Despis'd the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
 And widely wander'd from the POET's field;  
 With harps unstrung the sacred Nine had wept,  
 And round thy grot eternal mournings kept;  
 Sorrowing to see their Fav'rite pass unprais'd,  
 Nor grace that shrine by Thee so nobly rais'd.

Had TULLY, form'd to prop the Roman state,  
To raise each passion, or, when rais'd, abate;  
To warn the patriot, or the martial youth  
With love of liberty, and zeal for truth;  
To rule the nations with the power of words,  
Which conquer'd more than mighty SCIPIO's fwords,  
Left this fair province for the soldier's name,  
And fought, thro' fields of blood, laborious fame;  
The erring chief had wag'd inglorious wars,  
And left to MURRAY \* all that now He shares.

Then follow nature, with the current swim;  
He toils in vain who toils against the stream:  
She teaches Bards to raise th' immortal song,  
And tunes to eloquence the pleader's tongue;  
Weave's with eternal green the Conqueror's crown,  
And gave to CÆSAR all his sword e'er won.

\* Lord Mansfield.

## ON A QUEEN ANNE'S GUINEA.

WHEN Rome's brave sons some godlike deed  
had done,

Some law enacted, or some conquest won,  
The glorious good some sculptur'd medal told,  
And the stern patriot triumph'd all in gold.

Great ANNA, worthy of a Roman name,  
Her acts as noble, and as bright her fame,  
Looks with neat modest majesty enshrined,  
In this contracted, narrow orb confin'd:  
Not here describ'd, what volumes scarce express,  
GODOLPHIN's schemes, and MALB'ROUGH's vast success.

But tho' no laurel on the gold be found,  
No savage brow with ample foliage crown'd;  
No drooping captives, and no fields of war;  
No long procession in triumphant car.  
Tho' EUGENE's story is not sculptur'd here,  
Nor Gallia falling by Britannia's spear;  
I'd rather ANNA than a CÆSAR see:  
The coin that's current is the coin for me.

ON THE MILITARY EXPLOITS OF  
THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

**A**S PLUTO once to his assembled state  
Complain'd, that death had been remiss of late;  
Our falling grandeur, adds th' infernal king,  
Warns us to arm him with a keener sting.

Then let him list, the gener'l council cry'd,  
In GEORGE'S troops, and fight by GRANBY'S side.  
'Tis done: where GRANBY bids, death instant goes,  
And peoples Erebus with Albion's foes.

II

ON

## ON SUICIDE.

## A THOUGHT FROM MARTIAL.

## I.

**W**HEN fate in angry mood has frown'd,  
 And gather'd all her storms around,  
 The sturdy Romans cry,  
 The great, who'd be releas'd from pain,  
 Falls on his sword, or opes a vein,  
 And bravely dares to die.

## II.

But know; beneath life's heavy load,  
 In sharp affliction's thorny road,  
 'Midst thousand ills that grieve,  
 Where dangers threaten, cares infest,  
 Where friends forsake, and foes molest,  
 'Tis braver far to live.



NO PRIDE AND POVERTY.

— hic vivimus ambitiosa

Paupertate omnes. —

I. In the town of the rich and the poor

ALL beautiful as the blushing morn

Shines CHLORIS with peculiar grace ;

Ten thousand pounds her fame adorn,

Ten thousand charms her face.

II. In the town of the rich and the poor

Tho' poor, yet fine as IDA's queen,

Patches and paint CORINNA tries,

And gay in dress, like CHLORIS, seen —

But ah ! no wounded STREPHON dies !

III. In the town of the rich and the poor

Thus in a garden does the rose

With living purple meet the eye ;

Whilst a vile thistle near it grows,

And idly boasts as rich a dye.

# ON THE NUMEROUS EXPOSITIONS OF THE BIBLE NOW ADVERTISED.

**I**N reading the Scriptures, you'll find it there said,  
**J**UDAS ONCE, and NO MORE, his Redeemer betray'd:  
 But our motley tribe of modern expounders,  
 With a zeal of reforming their fore fathers blunders,  
 In treason and knowledge making equal advances,  
 Sell him weekly for six-pence disguis'd in romances;  
 While the rest to out-do, and still add to the lumber,  
 ST—CH hawks him about at three-pence per number;  
 Fulfilling what PAUL thro' the spirit beheld,  
 “ Christ afresh should be sham'd, and the Gospel \*  
     “ repeal'd :”  
 Worse traitors than JUDAS ; in this, that not one  
 Repents, like poor JUDAS, of what he has done.

\* Virtually, not literally.

## O N F O R T U N E.

**P**OETS and painters are alike to blame,  
Who feign, that fortune is a fickle dame;  
Varying, inconstant, perjur'd, changeful, light,  
Loose, wav'ring, slipp'ry, ever prone to flight;  
No wheel has She, on whose swift orb are hurl'd  
The rise and fall of mortals in the world;  
But always fix'd, as OVID makes her be;  
And ever constant in inconstancy.

## ROME AND CARTHAGE.

**W**HEN Carthage fell, Rome's rival genius  
dy'd,  
And arms for luxury were laid aside;  
No foes to conquer but within her walls;  
Self-ruin'd and subdu'd she tamely falls:  
The common fate of kingdoms here below,  
And what Rome was, the same is Albion now.  
Wou'd ye, ye gods! Britannia's fall adjourn,  
From hell let NOLL's\* vindictive ghost return.

\* Oliver Cromwell.

THE O N E - W A T Q U A A C K \* .

**P**OORER than Job, who lately came to town,  
Is now turn'd doctor, and in great renown,  
He gives his druggs ; the rich their gold disburse ;  
He cures their bodies, and they cure his purse.

# AN EPIGRAM. FROM THE GREEK.

**P**Enurious H—TH—T † shuns each small expence,  
Intent alone on useless opulence.  
Thus the poor wretch, like the laborious ass,  
Carries much gold, but feeds on nought but grass.

\* Turlington. † Sir G—b—t H—th—t.

ON FLAVIA'S WEEPING AT THE  
TRIAL OF McLAEN, AN HIGHWAY-  
MAN.

## I.

**W**ITH down-cast eyes, and visage pale,  
Poor culprit at the bar appears;  
His judge in view, his spirits fail,  
And for his life, alas! he fears.

## II.

Fair FLAVIA's eyes burst into grief,  
When death's sad sentence is declar'd;  
"Sure, cruel judge, for once a thief,  
"So young and handsome, might be spar'd,"

## III. Regard-

## I I I.

Regardless of her CYNTHIO's sighs,

She prays for TEAGUE's reprieve in vain :

"Is there no hope ? 'tis hard," she cries ;

Then wept, and look'd, and wept again.

## I V.

Can FLAVIA thus for CULPRIT grieve ?

For him pour forth the plaintive sigh ?

What ? can she wish a thief to live,

Yet let her faithful lover die ?

TO

## T O M I R A.

Who wanted to borrow

may be said to have

## A TREATISE ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

might be said to have

## I.

**A**H! Mira, when, or in what place,  
A treatise can I find,

Fraught with each virtue, and each grace,

That charms in woman kind?

could still in a manner

Hereon your own mamma has wrote

A piece, to fame well known;

By time to just perfection brought,

With wisdom all her own.

## III.

A face, how lovely to be seen!

A virtuous mind we view;

A striking air, and easy mien,

Compleatly form'd in you.

OTC



T O B E L I N D A,  
 O N A

CERTAIN PAIR OF HER ADMIRERS.

**A** L L hail! dear nymph, great Venus' care,  
 Superlatively blest;  
 Admir'd by most; but by a pair  
 Distinguish'd from the rest:

**II.**  
 Who, grac'd with more intrinsic worth  
 Than mortal eye can see,  
 Like BALAAM's ass, when heaven is wroth,

Shall stand 'twixt fate and thee.  
**III.**  
 From stomach foul, and body bound,  
 As well the learned know,  
 Each obstinate complaint is found  
 Coëvally to flow.

**IV.**  
 If this, BELINDA, be the case,  
 Thy health must long endure;  
 This LOVER SEEN, a puke shall raise,  
 And THAT a stool procure.

## TO AN OLD FRIEND,

Who gave up the management and profits of his  
Living to his wife.

**S** AINT PAUL, you will find, if the Scriptures  
you search, }  
Bids the ladies presume not to meddle with church,  
Afraid, I suppose, they shou'd leave it in lurch:  
And out of respect to this CANONIST's name,  
After-synods and parliaments order the same.

How is it then, doctor, that you durst dispense  
With synodical rules, and St. PAUL's better sense?  
Contented, to spouse all those powers resign,  
Which canons and statutes, in vain, have made thine?  
Uncontroul'd let her order prescribe and direct,  
Enquire into duty, and threaten neglect;  
Alarm the poor curate with loss of his place,  
Unless he redoubles the lessons of grace?

If this is the case, who'll not readily own,  
But O—c, like Rome, shall obey a pope JOAN?

And

And R—s, half starv'd, and in rags, will explain  
The œconomy great of a petticoat reign? H O R

Since then you can crack apostolical laws,  
And give up your right, GOD KNOWS FOR WHAT  
CAUSE;

Allowing wife freely scrip, surplice \* and purse;  
Pray give her your breeches, and finish the curse.

\* i. e. Surplice-fees.

H O R A C E.

## H O R A C E. B O O K I. O D E XXII.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus  
Non eget, &c.

**T**HE man, whose spotless heart ne'er felt  
The agonies of conscious guilt,  
In his own innocence secure,  
Asks not the weapons of the Moor;  
Persuaded that the poison'd dart  
Is useless to a virtuous heart.

In virtue wrapt, secure he strays  
Where Libya's burning deserts blaze,  
O'er bleak unhospitable snows,  
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

For late, as disengag'd from care,  
Thinking of nothing but the fair,  
By the bewitching theme betray'd  
I faunter'd 'midst the forest-shade,  
A wolf, how terrible to view!  
Cross'd me, and — tho' unarm'd — withdrew.

Not warlike Daunia's savage coast,  
 A beast of such a size can boast;  
 Nor does a larger monster feed  
 Where JUBA reigns, and lions breed.

Place me where never spring prevails,  
 Nor trees are fann'd by vernal gales,  
 But storms and clouds perpetual rise,  
 And partial Jove deforms the skies.

Or place me in the burning spheres,  
 Where not one trace of man appears;  
 Ev'n there, 'midst life's extremest ills,  
 In heat that burns, and cold that chills;  
 The nymph, who sweetly smiles and sings,  
 A balm for ev'ry sorrow brings.

## HORACE. BOOK I. ODE XXIII.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis CHLOE

Quærenti, &c.

**W**HY CHLOE, (like the tender fawn  
That, trembling, scuds across the lawn  
To seek its anxious doe;

That starts, and pricks its little ears,

And raises all a mother's fears)

Dost thou this coyness show?

Why fly me with such furious haste,

As if on Lybia's burning waste

Thou'dst met a tiger-wan?

Full big art thou to hang about,

And play with mamma's petticoat,

Whose charms are ripe for man.

ON THE DEATH OF  
 FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.  
 FROM HORACE. BOOK I. ODE XXIV.

Quis desiderio fit pudor aut modus  
 Tam cari capitis? &c.

## I.

**W**HAT shame can e'er forbid to flow  
 The pitying tears and sighs?  
 What bounds controul the streams of woe  
 When Albion's glory dies?

## II.

O thou! to whom th' etherial fire  
 Has given a melting strain,  
 And taught thee erst to tune the lyre,  
 O teach me to complain.

## III. Does

## TO THE III. PART OF

Does then perpetual sleep invade

Ill-fated FRED'RICK's fight?

And ev'ry manly beauty fade

In dark and endless night?

## VI.

O when shall majesty again

To him an equal find?

Justice and honour free from stain,

And truth with candour join'd?

## V.

Many, indeed, deplor'd his fall,

And mourn'd his early doom;

But yet AUGUSTA, more than all,

Wept ceaseless o'er his tomb.



The gods, officious to destroy

The blessings they bestow'd,

Gave us great FREDERICK but to die:

On other terms too good.

VII.

Tho' you with soft ORPHEAN lay,

The listening oaks cou'd dead,

Yet life no more shall warm the clay,

And animate the dead.

VIII.

'Tis hard; but patience must endure,

And palliate what it can't prevent;

And time, that great physician, cure

The blows capricious fortune lent.

HORACE. BOOK II. ODE XVI.  
PARAPHRASED.

INSCRIBED TO J. HUNGERFORD, ESQ;

**W**HEN fable night in darkling clouds  
The moon's auspicious lustre shrouds,  
And, 'midst the circuit of the sphere,  
No known directing star appear;  
But all around the tempest roars;  
The SAILOR ease of heaven implores.

For ease the crested Briton pleads,  
Train'd from his youth to martial deeds;  
For ease victorious Prussians sue,  
Admir'd by all, enjoy'd by few;  
Which blesses Monarchs but by stealth,  
And mocks e'en BUTE 'midst power and wealth.

For wealth and power, experience shows,  
Can't heal the mind's tumultuous woes,  
Nor lull those clam'rous cares to rest,  
Which haunt his Grace's garter'd breast.

Happy

Happy the man, whose frugal joys  
 A father's scanty all supplies:  
 In some sequester'd cottage bred;  
 Of herbs the meal, of flocks the bed,  
 His envied slumbers, sweet and sound,  
 Nor fear nor avarice confound.

PRECARIOUS BEINGS of an hour!  
 Why madly toil we then for more?  
 Absurd the present to destroy  
 In planning schemes of future joy?  
 In vain the wretched exile flies  
 In hopes of finding happier skies;  
 In vain he varies clime or air,  
 For still unhappy SELF is there.

Let him the speedy bark ascend;  
 Even there will gloomy care attend;  
 Or, if he mount the rapid horse,  
 Care still attends him through the course:  
 Affiduous care, that leaves behind  
 The tim'rous deer, and mocks the wind.

A mind above temptation's power,  
 Cheerful enjoys the present hour;  
 And, stranger to the great man's fears,  
 Defies to-morrow, and its cares;  
 Intent alone to soften strife,  
 And sooth, not cure, the ills of life;  
 For none (such heav'n's severe decree)  
 Must hope for full felicity.

Stern death, who cannot brook controul,  
 Too soon, brave WOLFE, resum'd thy soul;  
 Nor cou'd ev'n GRANVILLE'S talents save  
 A fav'rite statesman from the grave:  
 And heav'n, perhaps with wise design,  
 May snap my thread, and lengthen thine.

'Tis thine (great Jove, the boon enlarge,  
 And make thy future blifs his charge)  
 T' enjoy in Dingley's green recess,  
 The fairest gifts of happiness.  
 For thee the generous hunter neighs,  
 And snuffs on hills th'enlivening breeze;  
 Big with the chase, he looks disdain,  
 Impatient stamps, and asks the rein.

For thee, with rapturous music hung,  
 The deep-mouth'd beagle gives his tongue;  
 While hills and woods, in wanton notes,  
 Reflect it freely as it floats.

Long reconcil'd to humbler lot,  
 Forgetting some, by some forgot;  
 The rich man's pomp I envy not.  
 To me, not unindulgent heav'n,  
 A small, but social, roof has given:  
 Where friends have often found the board,  
 'Tis true, with no rich dainties stor'd;  
 But what gave value to the meal,  
 A chearful mind, ne'er meaning ill:  
 Tho' malice has done all she can  
 To blacken and traduce the man;  
 Immerst awhile in scandal's night,  
 But rising thence, refin'd and bright,  
 Superior to the noxious dews,  
 Which envy's baleful shades diffuse.  
 Here, when alone, perhaps the Nine  
 Beguile the hours before I dine,  
 In penning dull, insipid lays,  
 Which few will read, and fewer praise;

Or prais'd, or not, 'tis just the same ;

No candidate am I for fame.

Command me not again to school ;

Grant me but sense above the fool,

Pleas'd with the slender boon, and safe

In my own littleness, I'll laugh ;

Laugh at the WORLD's censorious spite,

That shows its teeth, but cannot bite.

HORACE.

## HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE IX.

INSCRIBED TO MR. EDWARD LITCHFIELD,  
OF NORTHAMPTON, SURGEON.

Ne fortè credâs interitura, quæ  
Longè sonantem natus ad aufidum  
Non antè vulgatas per artes,  
Verba loquor focianda chordis, &c.

## I.

**T**HINK not, my dearest friend, the lay,  
Tho' tun'd near Ouse's silent stream,  
Soon antiquated can decay,

When thou, my LITCHFIELD art the theme;  
Safe in the shadow of thy soft'ring wing,  
Who knows but years far hence my muse may sing?

## II.

What, tho' unrival'd and alone,  
Indignant of tyrannie chains,  
Great MILTON, on his self-rai'd throne,  
Sole prince of British epic reigns?

Yet POPE and DRYDEN long shall be admir'd,  
And give those raptures living they inspir'd.

## III. The

## III. THE POETICAL

The pointed wit of COWLEY's lines,  
 Soaring on PINDAR's borrow'd wing,  
 Keen as the sparkling pole-star shines,  
 Shall please while wit can pleasure bring;  
 And LEE, and YOUNG, great masters of sublime,  
 Arrest Applause to the last pulse of time.

## IV. THE POETICAL

The tender airs of CARTER's muse,  
 Like PHILOMEL's upon her thorn,  
 Ev'n soft as drops of honey'd dews,  
 Shall ravish ages yet unborn;  
 Whom distant times, exulting, shall rehearse  
 A second SAPPHO, melting queen of verse.

## V. THE POETICAL

While classic elegance can charm,  
 True stirring Attic wit prevail,  
 And Britons read, as well as arm,  
 LLOYD's name and numbers shall not fail.  
 And trust me, CHURCHILL, long shall Britain see  
 A British JUVENAL complete in thee.

## VI. THE POETICAL

## VI. THE POETICAL



## VI.

The graceful ringlets of a beau,  
 Embroider'd cloaths, and courtly arts,  
 Pomp, equipage, parade, and show,  
 Had always charms for female hearts:  
 Who knows ere HELEN lov'd, but perjur'd lust  
 Laid other Iliums smoaking in the dust.

## VII.

Before great ALFRED wore the crown,  
 Liv'd chiefs in arts and arms renown'd,  
 By whose victorious troops o'erthrown,  
 Cities were levell'd with the ground:  
 Whose glorious deeds, inspir'd by public praise,  
 Deserv'd the records of immortal lays.

## VIII.

HAMPDEN, tho' firm in freedom's cause,  
 And jealous of the subject's right,  
 Was not the first to shield our laws  
 From insults of despotic might.  
 In early times have freedom's champions bled,  
 Hard fate! for want of verse, for ever dead.

## IX.

Blended in one promiscuous grave,  
 Intirely lost to glory's views,  
 Expires the coward and the brave,  
 If not distinguish'd by the muse:  
 —The muse, who mocks the roaring tempest's rage,  
 Fierce flames wide waisting, and the wrecks of age.

## X.

Long let the mem'ry of a fire,  
 Restor'd by thee to health and ease,  
 Each tender sentiment inspire,  
 Which duty, love, or honour pays;  
 And boldly soaring on the wings of fame,  
 Preserve the filial and the social flame.

## XI.

'Tis thine, in exigences bold,  
 To boast a soul as firm as good:  
 By no low-minded hopes controul'd;  
 By fickle fortune unsubstid'd:  
 Stranger to arts which avarice inspires,  
 And proud alone of pity's warmest fires.

## XII.

Yearning at what th' afflicted feel,  
 See how his blessings he bestows!  
 Bids the malignant ulcer heal,  
 The burning gout and stone repose :  
 While death, eluded by the power of art,  
 Doubts when to strike, or where direct his dart.

## XIII.

Then let the villain blush when told,  
 That without relish for the feast,  
 Tho' season'd high, and dish'd in gold,  
 'Tis insipidity at best.  
 A virtuous use stamps value on the ore,  
 And gives a lustre it ne'er knew before.

## XIV.

Right happy he! who firmly bears  
 The ills to poverty assign'd ;  
 Who worse than death dishonour fears ;  
 Nor knows the sting vice leaves behind :  
 But if his friends or injur'd country call,  
 In their defence undoubted dares to fall.

## THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

**F**AIN I'd sing in founding lays,  
 GRANBY, thy immortal praise:  
 Fain I'd sing, in epic tone,  
 Mighty deeds by Pocock done:  
 But alas! th' inglorious lyre  
 Warbles love on ev'ry wire.

Instant I new strings apply'd,  
 And the toils of battle try'd:  
 Still the notes too low I found;  
 Love still triumph'd in each sound.

**CHIEFS**, for ever then farewell;  
 For determin'd to rebel,  
 Hark, the base perfidious lyre  
 Trills with love and soft desire.

## ANACREON. ODE II.

TO THE

HONOURABLE MISS COCKAYNE.

**L** I B' R A L nature, unconfin'd,  
 Arms to ev'ry rank assign'd;  
 Planted on the bullock's brow  
 Horns to guard him from the foe;  
 Shod with hoofs the noble horse,  
 Strung his nerves with wond'rous force;  
 Arm'd with fangs the lion's jaws,  
 Tipt his feet with dreadful claws;  
 Bid the hare be fleet as wind,  
 For the flying chase design'd;  
 Gave to fish to swim the deep;  
 Birds thro' yielding air to sweep;  
 Man to lofty deeds inspir'd,  
 All his soul with courage fir'd:  
 But ah! nothing could she spare  
 For the safety of the fair?

Yes:

Yes: she gave to woman arms,  
 Beauty's magazine of charms:  
 Beauty stronger than the shield; —  
 Beauty bids the strongest yield;  
 Beauty fraught with ev'ry grace,  
 Finish'd high in COCKAYNE's face;  
 Such resistless beauty foils  
 Flames and faulchions with its smiles.

## ANACREON. ODE XXV.

**W**HILE I'm toping lucious wine,  
Care and grief forget to pine:

Ever jolly, ever free,

What are care and grief to me?

Gaily live, and live as I;

Shall I grieve when born to die?

Know, nor care nor waisting grief

Will from death afford relief;

Then no more with anxious strife

Murder ev'ry hour of life.

Let us quaff th' inspiring juice,

BACCHUS gives it for our use;

For whene'er I'm toping wine,

Care and grief forget to pine.

## HORACE. BOOK III. ODE XXII.

Montium custos memorumque, virgo

Quæ laborantes, &c.

**O**F hills and woods, great guardian power,  
 By three mysterious titles known,  
 Whom thrice our pregnant dames implore  
 From death to turn the child-birth groan.

I.

Sacred to thee thy fav'rite pine:

High tow'ring near my vill shall grow;

Yearly at which shall bleed a swine,

A swine — who side long aims the blow:



## ANACREON. ODE XXVI.

FULL of BACCHUS, jovial power,  
Care and sorrow sting no more :

Great in fancy, ever free,  
CROESUS is a wretch to me ;  
Blest beyond the scepter'd slave,  
When with transport wild I rave ;  
Or with ivy crown'd recline,  
Near LYCEUS' sacred shrine,  
Glowing with repeated potions,  
Crowns I scorn as idle notions.

Boy ! the genial bowl prepare,  
Sov'reign antidote of care ;  
Know, ANACREON hates to think,  
'Tis ANACREON's will to drink ;  
Swift then bring the flowing bowl,  
Sparkling like my raptur'd soul :  
Let me drink till out of breath ;  
'Tis a merry farce of death.

## A N A C R E O N. O D E LXVI.

W H A T sincerer pleasure yields,  
Than to saunter thro' the fields,  
Where the meadows, gay and green,  
Spread a rich luxurious scene;  
When the zephyrs, bland and fair,  
Fan the wanton buxom air?

Greater pleasure know the eyes,  
Than to see the vintage rise  
With its various-colour'd dyes?  
What can charm the drooping soul,  
Or the cares of life controul,  
More than gaily to recline  
Underneath the verdant vine,  
Prostrate in its breezy shade,  
In soft am'rous dalliance laid,  
With a nymph whose soul shall prove,  
Like fair VENUS, full of love?

}

## T O M I S S \*\*\*\*\*

## F R O M C A T U L L U S.

**L** E T us, while we live, employ  
 Ev'ry hour in love and joy;  
 Let us live thus while we may,  
 Fate mayn't have another day.

Let old dotards be severe,  
 Treat us with a CYNIC sneer,  
 Censure all we say or do;  
 What are they to love and you?

Suns, tho' plung'd into the main,  
 From the deep return again;  
 But when once immers'd our light,  
 Never more returns from night;  
 Never more the feeble ray  
 Kindles into future day.

Then a thousand kisses give,  
 While fate grants the boon to live;

While fate puts it in your power,

Prithee give an hundred more.

Still another thousand grant,

Still an hundred more I want :

Let us snatch the mutual kifs,

Let us multiply the blifs,

Till no numbers can exprefs

Our vast fum of happinefs ;

Till not ENVY's self fhall dare

With our joys to interfere.

## A N A C R E O N. O D E XXXI.

**S**TAND off; nor dare ye to controul  
The pleasing madness of the bowl:  
Away; away; for know 'tis mine  
To revel and grow mad with wine.

Madness ALMÆON's breast inspir'd;  
With frantic rage ORESTES fir'd;  
When meditated vengeance gave  
Their impious mothers to the grave.

But I no mother's blood have spilt,  
Nor know the agonies of guilt;  
Stand off; nor dare then to controul  
The pleasing madness of the bowl;  
Frenzy inspires; away: 'tis mine  
To revel and grow mad with wine.

Madness, that pleasing pain, possess'd  
The fam'd ALCIDES' heaving breast;  
His bow the frantic hero bent:  
His quiver rattled as he went.

Madness discharg'd its furious dart  
 Deep into AJAX' burning heart :  
 When rapt to frenzy loud he rav'd,  
 And high his shield and faulchion wav'd.

But I nor shield nor faulchion know ;  
 Nor quiver bear, nor bend the bow :  
 A goblet of inspiring juice,  
 And wreaths which flow'ry fields produce,  
 Are all the arms ANACREON bears  
 To silence grief and combat cares :  
 Hark ! frenzy calls ; away : 'tis mine  
 To revel and grow mad with wine.

HORACE.

## HORACE. BOOK I. ODE XXX.

O VENUS, regina Cnidi Paphique,  
Sperne dilectam, &c.

**E**MPRESS of beauty, queen of love,  
Whose charms controul the powers above,  
No more let Cyprus boast thy sway,  
And am'rous shades provoke delay ;  
But swift to GLYCERA's shades repair,  
Invok'd with frankincense and pray'r.

Young CUPID bring, with soft desires  
Who every tender breast inspires ;  
And bring the GRACES, bland and fair,  
Their vests all flowing in the air.  
Bring YOUTH, unless by THEE refin'd,  
Severe and rude, of savage kind :  
Let jocund MERCURY too be here,  
Who wins the heart, and charms the ear.

— Voluptates commendat rarior usus.

**W** I T H cautious steps avoid th' enchanted cell,  
Where in false guise deluding pleasures dwell;  
Tho' rapt'rous scenes the wand'ring eye invite,  
And passion prompt thee to indulge delight,  
Decline the charge; nor nature's gifts offend  
By constant practice, which destroys their end.  
Like luscious diet, repetition cloy  
The jaded soul, and palls the noblest joys.  
Rush not too fondly into VENUS' arms,  
Tho' strongly courted to enjoy her charms:  
Tho' youth and beauty grace the am'rous fair,  
Yet youth and beauty prove a frequent snare;  
Tho' all the angel's pictur'd in her face,  
A dire disease oft mars the lewd embrace;  
Thro' ev'ry limb the foul infection steals,  
And HALF A NOSE the poignant shame reveals;  
If such the curse COITION knows, abstain:  
A moment's pleasure gives an age of pain.



## ANACREON. I O D E XXXIV.

**S**CORN me not, O lovely maid,  
 Tho' the bloom of life's decay'd:  
 Tho' my locks are growing grey,  
 Hasten not so fast away.

What tho' fair in youth you shine,  
 And the flower of beauty thine?  
 Let not youth and pride of charms  
 Drive my fair one from my arms,  
 Nor forbid her to engage  
 With me, silver'd o'er with age.

Mark ! the LILY with the ROSE  
 In the vernal chaplet blows ;  
 While the rose in PURPLE bright,  
 Steals new lustre from the WHITE.

Since then rose and lily join,  
 And united, fairer shine :  
 Tell me, why should we be foes ?  
 LILIES but improve the ROSE.

NIXIX 300T 100 300 200

MR. BENJAMIN MARTIN,  
ON HIS PLANETARIUM, &c.  
PARAPHRAS'D FROM CLAUDIAN.

WHEN first in brass a shining sphere express  
Jove saw, he smil'd, and thus the gods address'd:  
“How far, ye powers, will human science rise?  
Attempt the stars, and imitate the skies?”

See curious MARTIN, prodigal of art,  
Momentous truths from heav'n deriv'd impart;  
Mysterious laws, and principles unfold,  
And terms on which OURSELVES our empire hold;  
Erect new systems, and inform the whole  
With moving pow'rs, and a mechanic soul:  
Impell'd, the planets by some secret force,  
True to the impulse, take their destin'd course,

And,

And, nicely balanc'd, in due periods roll,  
 March o'er the heav'n's, and circle round the pole;  
 Fictitious suns lead on the rising years,  
 And Cynthia's orb its waning light repairs.  
 On nature's laws the mimic system moves,  
 And heav'n's vast frame in just proportion proves:  
 The sage, with rapture, sees his work complete:  
 The stars and planets rolling at his feet.

No more, SALMONEUS, shall thy thunders raise  
 A servile terror, and arrest our praise:  
 No more with wonder be thy projects view'd;  
 All NATURE here's by rival ART subdu'd."

## AN ANACREONTIC.

**W**HEN beneath the woodbine shade,  
 In soft am'rous dalliance laid,  
 With a fond engaging fair,  
 Far from all the sons of care ;  
 While around th' Elysian bower,  
 Fragrance breathes from ev'ry flower ;  
 And from ev'ry tuneful bush  
 Chaunts the nightingale or thrush ;  
 Or from elm the am'rous dove  
 Tells the tender tale of love,  
 Breathes her soul in fond desires,  
 Melting in extatic fires :  
 While such scenes as these employ  
 All the faculties of joy ;  
 Tell me, wou'd the human breast,  
 Wish to be more amply blest ?

Swains may envy STREPHON's blifs,  
 Prudes interpret it AMISS ;  
 Let 'em envy on and rail,  
 LOVE and VENUS must prevail.

Let the moralist decry  
 Liberties which we enjoy;  
 Let his hypocritic rage  
 Cavil out the tedious page;  
 What avails his empty sound?  
 Love and VENUS shall be crown'd.  
 Let the lenten doctor preach  
 Maxims, practice cannot reach:  
 Let him snarle at wine and love;  
 Joys his function should not prove;  
 Yet in spite of all his zeal,  
 Wine and VENUS will prevail.

Ars naturâ sit perfectior.

**G**REAT SHAKESPEARE with genius disdaining  
all rules,

Above the cold phlegm or the fripp'ry of schools,  
Appeal'd to the heart for success of his plays,  
And trusted to NATURE alone for the bays,

Despairing of glory but what rose from ART;  
Old JOHNSON apply'd to the HEAD, not the HEART;  
On the niceness of rules he founded his cause,  
And ravish'd from regular method applause,

May we judge from the honours each author has  
share'd,  
How trifling is ART when with NATURE compar'd,

## A N E P I T A P H.

DESIGNED FOR RICKETS,  
COBLER AND SHOE-BLACKER,  
AT EMAN. COL. CAMBRIDGE.

**B**RIMFUL of liquor reeling home,  
And fast asleep within this tomb,  
A jolly cobbler lies ;  
Who dull philosophy despis'd,  
And ROPER \* more than HUBBARD † priz'd :  
In drinking — oh how wise !

Supremely happy in his pot ;  
Ev'n to life's latest hour the sot  
No sober sorrow knew ;  
But laughing at the farce of death,  
Drank freely round till out of breath,  
Then bid the world "ADIEU."

\* ROPER, the butler of the college.

† The Rev. Mr. HUBBARD, an eminent tutor to the college.

## AN EPI TAPH

ON A

NOTORIOUS SODOMITE.

## I.

**H**ERE of a man, a PATHIC known,  
 All that was mortal rotting's laid;  
 Chaste earth his body blush to own,

AND TREMBLE FOR THE NEIGH'RING DEAD.

## II.

PLUTO himself was in a fright,  
 When first he saw him make his coast;  
 And to prevent the odious sight,  
 In sulphur wrapt the SHITTEN GHOST.

## III.

If such the curse this vice inflicts,,  
 Hence let the living fear its fate;  
 And wisely shun the dire effects  
 Of mortal and immortal hate.



IN DIDONEID. Aufonious.

**I**NFELIX Dido, nulli bene nupta marito,  
Hoc pereunte fugis; hoc fugiente peris.

O NUNCE D I D O.

**I**L L-fated queen, twice curs'd in wedlock's bands,  
His death thy flight; his flight thy death  
commands.

P

A S I.

## AN SMILE

**W**HY, fading lamp, dost thou presume,  
 With beams of momentary date,  
 The darkling cloyster to illumine ?

Sad emblem of the poet's fate !

## II.

What tho' some LORD's auspicious hand  
 Shou'd give thee life for half an hour ;  
 Let THEE before him glimm'ring stand  
 To aid him in some loose amour ?

## III.

The business done ; for all THY toil  
 Perhaps HE'LL put an end to thee :  
 Or let THEE, standing without oil,  
 Become the prey of penury.

## IV. Thus

## IV. O I I A T T A

Thus drudging poets, while they raise  
 Some VOTE-MADE knight, or SH'RIFF-MADE squire,  
 To highest heights of fame, by praise,  
 Seldom want FUEL for the FIRE.

## V.

But when his worship's ends are serv'd  
 By means of their prolific brains;  
 The POET is cashier'd and starv'd,  
 And has his LABOUR for his PAINS.

## ANACREON. ODE LXI.

**S**EE! see my hair decaying spread  
In scanty ringlets round my head!  
Which, silver'd o'er with length of years,  
Suggest a multitude of fears.

Full soon, alas! life's blooming prime  
Is swallow'd up in envious time:  
My teeth, grown sensible of age,  
Chatter thro' time's consuming rage:  
Ev'n all the pleasant hours of life  
Are cancell'd now by pain and strife.

Whene'er I think how free and gay  
I once enjoy'd each happy day;  
But soon must view the realms below,  
And ev'ry darker scene of woe;  
Plung'd in the depths of fear I sink,  
And deeper still the more I think:  
My soul abhors Tartarean shades  
And PLUTO's horror-winding glades:

For once arriv'd, so deep the grave,  
 No more from death returns the slave.  
 I shake to tread the dreary way,  
 Where night excludes the dawn of day.

# HORACE. BOOK II. ODE V.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ  
 Perfusus, &c.

**W**HAT graceful lover, fondly laid  
 Where beds of roses scent the shade,  
 Whose head incessantly emits  
 A liquid luxury of sweets,  
 Intreats thee, PYRRHA, to be kind,  
 And ease his am'rous, love-sick mind?  
 For whom bind'st thou thy golden hair,  
 In simple elegance fair?

How oft, alas! shall he deplore  
 His fate, and curse each heav'nly power?  
 Complain of scorn and broken vows  
 In all the pangs despondence knows;

And

And stand aghast with wild surprise  
To see the rough'ning billows rise ?

Who now enjoys thee greatly kind,  
A momentary bliss shall find ;  
Who hopes to rifle all thy charms,  
Unconscious of another's arms,  
Betray'd by false bewitching smiles,  
By am'rous glances, flatt'ring wiles,  
At first, ah ! heedless of the cheat !  
Shall quickly find thee all deceit.

Unhappy they ! who blindly love,  
And falseness by experience prove.

Yon sacred wall's descriptive side,  
Big with the dangers of the tide,  
Displays my garments dank with brine,  
Devoted to great NEPTUNE's shrine,  
As grateful trophies to the power,  
Who brought me safely back to shore.

## HORACE. BOOK I. ODE IX.

INSCRIBED TO

LIEUTENANT ROOKBY SCOTT.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum

Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus

Sylvæ, &amp;c.

**S**EE, see around HOLT's \* hoary brow

Heaps pil'd on heaps of shining snow!

O'ercharg'd with its enormous load,

The lab'ring forest † seems to nod;

And staunch'd by winter's magic breath.

Streams feel a temporary death.

Then load the hearth with lib'ral hand,

And bid the cold at distance stand;

While from the mellow flask, my friend,

Large bumpers of old wine descend.

\* Holt in Leicestershire.

† Rockingham forest.

Wifely all other thoughts forbear ;  
Indulgent Jove makes them his care ;  
Indulgent Jove, who bids to sleep  
The boist'rous storms that vex the deep.  
He nods, and not a fingle breeze  
Is heard to whisper thro' the trees.

To fortune's wild caprice resign'd,  
With MORROW'S cares ne'er charge the mind ;  
But wifely make TO-DAY your own,  
And as neat profit put it down.

While youth permit it, gaily prove  
The pleasing mysteries of love :  
Blest with a blooming fair, advance  
Thro' all the mazes of the dance.  
Full soon, alas ! will peevish age  
The curtain drop, and clear the stage.

Now is the season of resort  
To parks and malls for am'rous sport :  
Now favour'd by the dusk of night,  
To form new scenes of gay delight ;

And



And in soft wispers there impart  
The tender story of the heart.

And now the laugh betrays the maid  
Half hid in some convenient shade ;  
Where, in the wanton strife of love,  
The youth attempts or ring or glove ;  
Which, tho' pretending to deny  
In compliment to modesty,  
She wishes his ; and hopes the boy  
Will not regard her being coy.

Q

UPON

UPON STERNE'S BURSTING A VEIN,  
AT HEARING A MERRY STORY.

OLD jolly ANACREON (as stories relate)  
By a grape-stone was killed: TRAGI-COMICAL  
FATE!

Its JUICE has kill'd many; but who was e'er known  
Before this poor poet, to die of its STONE?  
By all honest fellows 'twas thought very hard,  
That BACCHUS thus scurvily treated his bard.

But lest any hereafter these deities trust,  
Know, COMUS will prove like base BACCHUS unjust:  
For who can behold, without equal concern,  
The fate of that jocular wight LAWRENCE STERNE?  
He heard the droll TALE — now no longer a JOKE,  
And chuckled so long, that a blood-vessel broke.  
Thus COMUS' HIGH PRIEST, HUMOUR'S FROLICKSOME  
SON,

Is in danger of death from the magic of fun:  
True SHANDEAN MARTYR! whose sides are the first  
That ever by the dint of mere laughter were burst.

HORACE.

H O R A C E, B O O K I. O D E V I.  
P A R A P H R A S E D.

TO THE EARL OF ALBERMARLE.

Scriberis vario fortis & hostium,  
Victor Mæonii, &c.

SOME DRYDEN, in Meonian verse,,  
T H Y glorious dangers shall rehearse ;  
Whate'er, when boldly led by T H E E,  
The soldier dar'd on land or sea.

How vain our efforts to relate  
A BRADDOCK curs'd with pride by fate ;  
Or sing HAWKE's perils on the main ;  
Or glorious HOWE, untimely slain !  
'Tis conscious shame deters the muse,  
And the weak strings the task refuse ;  
Too low I find the feeble lays  
For KEPPEL's ear, and KEPPEL's praise.

But who can draw, when GLORY charms,  
MARS sheath'd in adamantine arms ?  
Who can express, in worthy strains,  
GRANBY all dust on German plains ?  
Or CLIVE, beneath the burning star,  
Equal to all the EAST in war ?

Or scorch'd with love and soft desires,  
Such as the sweet —— inspires ;  
Or disengag'd, and freely laid  
Trifling, as usual, in the shade,  
Too impotent for EPIC flights,  
GAY FEASTS I sing and VIRGIN fights.  
—Who pare their nails — with fierce-fond rage,  
Their gentle lovers to engage.

## O N T H E S P R I N G.

W I N T E R's horrors melt away ;  
Snows dissolve and frosts decay.

On their pinions zephyrs bring  
All the balmy joys of spring :  
Earth with lib'ral bounty pours  
Rich variety of flowers.  
In the gay enamell'd mead,  
See the daisy lifts its head !  
Circled with luxuriant gold,  
Cowslip's burnish'd pride behold.

Hark ! from ev'ry tuneful spray,  
Vernal music wakes the day.  
Hark ! the dove, in melting strains,  
Languishingly soft complains ;  
Fondly courts his billing mate  
To the joys of nuptial state.

Echo hears the am'rous tale ;  
Echo tells the neighb'ring vale :

Neighb'ring vale, the nearest hill ;  
Nearest hill, the neighb'ring rill :  
Thus the love-sick story runs  
Mazy round, thro' nature's \* fons.

Rise, my fair then, come away ;  
Let my love know no delay ;  
Tepid gales, and warmer beams,  
Painted fields, and purling streams ;  
Fragrant groves, with grateful shade,  
By the social branches made :  
Such enchanting scenes, my fair,  
Ask thy lovely presence here.

Come, resistless nymph, then come,  
Leave to CARE the gilded dome :  
Pomp, and all its train despise,  
Rude impertinence and noise ;  
Envy, slander, malice, strife,  
CURSES OF A PUBLIC LIFE !

\* The inhabitants of Vales, Hills, and Rills, are here meant, by  
Nature's fons.

These for rural pleasures quit,  
Smiles, sincerity, and wit.

Nature bids thee yield thy charms  
To the happy STREPHON's arms ;  
STREPHON begs the pleasing boon ;  
STREPHON begs it may be soon :  
Rush, then, into STREPHON's arms ;  
Come, my FAIR, with all thy charms,  
Mix'd our souls in virtuous bliss,  
Let us give the mutual kiss :  
Let us not, while in our prime,  
Trust our happiness to time ;  
But, while vig'rous to enjoy,  
All our powers in bliss employ :  
Seize the moments as they rise,  
Leaving FOOLS TO-MORROW's joys.

TO A FRIEND, WITH A PRESENT  
OF PIDGEONS.

WRITTEN IN A FIT OF THE  
GOUT.

Donarem pateras, grataque commodus

Cenforine, &c. HOR.

**W**ITH anguish torn, and watchings tir'd;  
By no indulgent muse inspir'd;  
No friend to chear the drooping soul;  
Forbid the pleasures of the bowl:  
Ev'n stranger to the calmer joys,  
Which solitary pipe supplies:  
In flannel wrapt, confin'd to gruel:  
Ah! is not this — completely cruel?

Blest with whate'er has pow'r to please,  
I grudge you not your festive ease:  
Your cheaful guests; (a chosen throng)  
The sprightly dance, or jovial song;



Or pointed joke, or rapartee,  
 Marrow of fenfibility :  
 Or bowl that, like fair VENUS, smiles,  
 Turns grief to mirth, and care beguiles :

These are the joys my foul admires ;  
 Be these the joys this day inspires :  
 Pure, unalloy'd with hope or fear,  
 Prolong'd thro' many a circling year,  
 Gay, as when first the hours began,  
 Quite thro' the little stage of man.

As late amongst my doves I stood,  
 (Perhaps 'twas one of VENUS' brood)  
 A bird much bolder than the rest,  
 In terms like these the bard addrest :  
 " What means that frown upon thy brow ?  
 " Alas ! I fear to PIGEON's woe :  
 " Myself ordain'd, ill-fated guest !  
 " An expletive at A—SH—Y feast."

How just its fears ! behold (the number  
 In RHYME is mere pedantic LUMBER)

Some few, to lengthen out the cheer,  
 That humbly beg admittance here !  
 Pray give 'em wine, 'tis what they love ;  
 Let each, at least, fix bumpers prove ;  
 My substitutes, in time of gout,  
 When their poor master can't stir out,  
 In flannel wrapt, with gruel fed,  
 And, ev'n while living, almost dead.

But wine is ill-exchang'd for rhyme :  
 Then ply the glass ; redeem the time :  
 Leaving the poet, dreadful sentence !  
 To flannel, gruel, and repentance.

P. S. Tell HUNGERFORD \*, the bill is found,  
 For poaching on poetic ground,  
 Directly counter to a rule  
 Long since laid down in PHOEBUS' school :  
 " That MEN OF FORTUNE never shou'd  
 " On the bard's LIBERTIES intrude."

\* J. Hungerford, Esq; of Dingley, who sent the Author an epigram, which is here alluded to.

The punishment that will ensue,  
Is the next thing that comes in view.

Now, since the MUSES females are,  
And HE a fav'rite of the fair;  
And since these nymphs, by PHOEBUS' grace,  
Are to determine on the case,  
Well-knowing that no BARD can sing  
So well, as under BACCHUS' wing;  
I readily foresee th' event :  
A BOTTLE EACH, and to — REPENT.

## ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

## I.

O CAM! which round thy GRANTA's plains  
Thy silver waters doſt diſplay,  
Stop, and aſſiſt the muſe's ſtrains  
To hail the glorious, happy day.

## II.

To this thou ow'ſt thy plenteous thanks,  
That MUSES here preſerv'd their feat;  
And LEARNING ſtill approves thy banks  
For MEDITATION's cool retreat.

## III.

See! mark'd for ruin, ſee! the dome  
Aloft with recent ſplendor riſe!  
And ſafe from all the wiles of Rome,  
With tow'ring ſummit meet the ſkies.

IV. See!

## IV.

See! see! th' infernal train recede,  
    Invok'd by treach'rous FAUX in vain;  
And conscious of th' inglorious deed,  
    With blushes seek their dark domain.

## V.

As when, with curs'd ambition fraught,  
    ANGELS thro' their presumption fell;  
And thrust from HEAV'N, which they fought,  
    A desp'rate change! were doom'd to hell.

## VI.

Now with unwonted current flow,  
    In all thy dignity and grace:  
And let the distant ocean know  
    The raptures of this happy place.

VII. And

## VII.

And let great ALBION's fame be spread,  
Borne on thy waves from shore to shore,  
And raise an universal dread,  
Till TIME and ALBION are no more.

## VIII.

Hence let SEDITION fear its fate,  
Nor, big with hopes of high reward,  
Presume to hurt that happy state,  
Whom heav'n's peculiar influence guards.

## ANACREON. ODE XI.

**M**ETHINKS I hear the ladies say,  
 " POOR ANACREON ! thou grow'st gray :  
 " Consult the glafs ; no longer there  
 " You'll find the wanton wreaths of hair :  
 " No more the haggard cheeks difclose  
 " The rival purple of the rofe."

Whether 'tis true that age appears,  
 And I am far advanc'd in years ;  
 Whether gay ringlets grace my head,  
 Or all the bloom of life be fled,  
 I know not ; but if age be nigh,  
 'Tis time to feize the fleeting joy.  
 In mirth indulge the prefent hour ;  
 Fate may not have a moment more.

## HORACE. BOOK I. ODE XIII.

Cum tu, LYDIA, Telephi

Cervicem roseam, &c.

**A**H! when to STRYPHON'S charms you raise  
Your voice, and all his beauties praise;  
Distracting spleen my breast invades;  
And on my cheek the colour fades:  
In all the depths of passion tost,  
My reason's in confusion lost:  
Involuntary tears impart  
The lingering fever of my heart:  
My soul with indignation boils,  
When flush'd with wine thy charms he soils;  
Or grown impatient of the bliss,  
Impresses deep the cruel kiss.

But if, fond maid, you'll condescend  
To hear the dictates of a friend;  
Think not for ever your's the boy,  
Who those soft pleasures can destroy,  
By VENUS steep'd in nectar'd joy.

}



Thrice happy they! whom HYMEN deigns  
 To bind in love-inspiring chains,  
 Ev'n to the latest hour of life,  
 Unbroke by jealousy or strife.

# ANACREON. ODE XVII.

## ON A SILVER BOWL.

**V**ULCAN, here thy skill bestow;  
 Art in full perfection show:

Carve me a capacious bowl,  
 Large as my capacious soul,

Let no bloody weapons stain  
 Pleasure's silver-winding main:  
 What are arms to me and joy?  
 Arms are only to destroy.

Carve me then a mighty bowl,  
 Large as my capacious soul:  
 Let no artificial sphere,  
 Grac'd with twinkling stars, be here:

Let no constellation shine  
Round the silver sphere of wine.  
Grave not on the goblet's side  
Fierce ORION's frowning pride :  
Let no PLEIADS weep a storm,  
And Heav'n's mimic orb deform.  
Tell me, VULCAN, are not these  
Foreign quite to mirth and ease ?  
Mirth is all my soul's delight ;  
Then let mirthful scenes invite.

Let the mirth-inspiring vine  
Round the jovial goblet twine ;  
Let the purple clusters rise,  
Glowing with their various dyes ;  
Let Bathyllus here be seen,  
With the son of beauty's queen :  
Here let jolly BACCHUS shine,  
MIGHTY GOD of social wine !  
Scenes like these inspire my soul ;  
Then let these adorn my bowl.

## AN EPITAPH ON A YOUNG RAKE.

**W**ITHIN this tomb,  
 Unsocial room,  
 Mortality's last station,  
 LORENZO lies,  
 Who knew no vice  
 But — simple fornication.

In this indeed  
 He did exceed;  
 In women quite a MISER :  
 For which, no doubt,  
 If they'd spoke out,  
 They thought him ne'er the wiser.

Great VENUS' PRIEST,  
 By all confest;  
 With business ever hurried;  
 What death destroyed  
 He soon supply'd,  
 And got more than he buried.

If such a rake,

By mere mistake,

Reach Heav'n in masquerade;

And haply there

No WOMEN are,

By JOVE, he'll run stark mad.

T O S Y L V I A.

WHO BROKE A LOOKING-GLASS,

BY ACCIDENT,

AS SHE WAS DRESSING HERSELF.

II. A SUNSET

III. A SUNSET

**S**UBSIDE dire passion's rising flame!

Nor wear the face an angry frown!

For once, fair MAID, forbear to blame

Blind CHANCE's blunder; not your own.

## II.

DELUSIONS oft corrupt the mind,  
 When BLESSINGS ever new arise;  
 But happily, by Heav'n design'd,  
 MISFORTUNES only make us wise.

## III.

That CHRYSTAL MIRROR erst, when whole,  
 Too often taught THEE to be vain:  
 THERE PRIDE first taints the female soul,  
 Whilst BEAUTY boasts a short-liv'd reign.

## IV.

The GLASS, dear maid, now broken found,  
 (If WISDOM'S precepts be thy care)  
 In scatter'd fragments on the ground,  
 REFLECTS a moral to the fair.

## V.

BEAUTY, which much ador'd has been,  
 Too like the LOOKING-GLASS, must fail:  
 The polish'd surface of thy skin,  
 Like that, as brittle and as frail.

## VI.

And as that dropt, thus drop away

The RICH, the HONOUR'D, and the BRAVE :

Thus shall the FAIR HERSELF decay,

And drop like THAT into the grave.

## VII.

Yea, time shall make all nature weak,

The SEA's grand MIRROR shall destroy :

Drop ev'ry glittering STAR, and break

That MOLTEN LOOKING-GLASS, THE SKY.

## VIII.

My SYLVIA then, if fond of fame,

Virtue's best aid alone invoke ;

'Tis this secures a lasting name,

When nature's frame, like glass, is broke.

## IX.

When dropping from the hand of time,

Each shiyer'd orb shall yield to fire,

And YOUNG's and THOMPSON's works sublime

Help raise the world's vast fun'ral PYRE.

## THE HAPPY COUPLE.

## I.

SEE here the true joys of a long-wedded life;  
How happy is DAMON, how happy his wife!  
Without any quarrel, or passion, or whim,  
“He’s quite fond of her, and she’s quite fond of him.”

## II.

Tho’ twice thirty harvests have crown’d the rich plain  
Since HYMEN presented the lass to the swain;  
Yet all those long years as a single one seem,  
“He’s still fond of her, and she’s still fond of him.”

## III.

Their lives and their loves together will last,  
And each future month be as blest as the past:  
When limbs are infirm, and when eye-sight is dim,  
“He’ll be still fond of her, and she still fond of him.”

## IV.

See yonder twin roses their charms how they blend!  
Whilst each does the other adorn and defend :  
See how they both bloom and both fade on one stem!  
“ This, this is a pretty resemblance of them.”

## V.

On yon lofty elms hear the soft cooing doves !  
Responsive in sighs, how they murmur their loves !  
Their want of true constancy none can condemn ;  
“ And this is another resemblance of them.”

## VI.

Be pleas'd to observe well the new-married pair,  
How each to the other their passion declare ;  
My SWEET ONE, my DEAR, my DELIGHT, and my  
GEM :  
“ Believe me, 'tis just the resemblance of them.”



## TO ITIN VII. 351 40

Their cloathing and food are supply'd by their farm,  
 Their straw-cover'd dwelling neat, decent, and warm :  
 With health and with honesty, chearful and gay :  
 " No PAIR upon earth is so happy as they."

## VIII.

When plowing the ground, or when tending the  
 sheep,  
 How healthful their labours, how sweet is their sleep !  
 Their children and grand-children brisk as the jay !  
 " No PAIR upon earth, sure, so happy as they."

## IX.

And when they are dead, and are buried hard by  
 The CYPRESS or YEW, where their forefathers lie ;  
 Their neighbours, in tears, and lamenting, will say,  
 " No pair upon earth was so happy as they."

ON THE VANITY OF  
LONG ENCOMIUMS UPON THE DEAD.

## I.

**W**HEN sons of men their breath resign,  
And grateful friends erect the shrine;  
(The best way to describe their fame)  
Upon the stone, that marks the grave  
Of all th' **IGNOBLE**, or the **BRAVE**,  
Let nought be mention'd but their **NAME**.

## II.

A better monument of praise  
To the **JUST MAN** you cannot raise,  
Whose life adher'd to **Virtue** steady.  
If to a **KNAVE** a tomb you rear,  
And on it write his name; stop there;  
You have said too much already.

## AN EPITAPH ON A POOR, BUT HONEST MAN.

I.

**S**TOP, Reader, here, and deign a look  
On one without a name;  
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book  
Of fortune, or of fame.

II.

Studious of peace, he hated strife;  
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;  
His coat of arms "A SPOTLESS LIFE."  
"AN HONEST HEART" his crest.

III.

Quarter'd therewith was INNOCENCE;  
And thus his motto ran;  
"A CONSCIENCE VOID OF ALL OFFENCE,  
"BEFORE BOTH GOD AND MAN."

IV.

In the great day of wrath, tho' pride

Now scorns his PEDIGREE ;

Thousands shall wish they'd been ally'd

To this great FAMILY.

## O N B E L I N D A ' S

II

OFFERING HER GLASS TO VENUS.

FROM THE GREEK.

**O**NCE-Gay BELINDA, ev'ry TEMPLAR's boast ;  
 Each LADY's envy, and each COXCOMB's toast ;  
 She that could raise in ev'ry breast a flame ;  
 The pride of TUNBRIDGE, and of BATH the fame ;  
 Is now, alas ! an ANTIQUATED MAID ;  
 Her forehead wrinkled, and her teeth decay'd.

As dressing erst, her faded cheeks she spy'd,  
 This much-lov'd GLASS, with peevish tone, she cry'd,  
 Spoil'd

Spoil'd now my face, and odious to be seen ;  
 This GLASS I offer to the PAPHIAN QUEEN :  
 This fav'rite GLASS be hers ; since MINE no more  
 Those blooming looks, that charm'd the world before.

ON SUCH INN-KEEPERS AS  
 DRINK THEMSELVES ALMOST TO DEATH,  
 IN ORDER TO ACQUIRE A LIVELIHOOD.

**H**OW hard the fate, by heaven decreed  
 To publicans on earth !

Whose health is ill exchange'd for bread,  
 Whose livelihood is death.

Thus Paul address'd the sons of sin ;

“ For wages death receive.”

Hard wages those ! on which poor men,

As South\* says, cannot live.

\* Alluding to a sermon of his on “ The wages of sin are death :” wherein he says, “ Hard wages, that a poor man cannot live by them.”

TO LUCINDA, WEARING A GILT BOUGH  
ON THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.

## I.

**T**HE BRITISH SWAINS this HAPPY DAY  
And You, with extacy behold;  
And on thy bosom mark how gay  
The oak reflects the glittering gold!

## II.

Whilst this reminds you what sad toil  
Great CHARLES in EXILE did sustain;  
And how rejoic'd the harrafs'd ISLE,  
Ther rightful LORD restor'd again;

## III.

Ah! think on thy poor DAMON's woes;  
Reflect upon his rankling smart:  
How much, sad swain, he undergoes,  
A wretched EXILE from thy heart.

IV. Ah!

## IV.

Ah! let the mournful life, he leads,  
Thy tender breast with pity move ;  
For, fond and faithful DAMON pleads  
A lawful title to thy love.

## V.

Then crown his constant flame alone ;  
Restore HIS long-sought peace, my fair :  
Then shall an EMPIRE, or a THRONE  
Be far beneath his WISH or CARE.

## VI.

But as companion, husband, friend,  
His CARE, his STUDY all shall be,  
How best to merit and defend  
His happier EMPIRE plac'd in THEE.

## THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

A S O N G.

I.

G R E A T England's glory,  
Renown'd in story,

With numbers sweet my raptur'd soul inspire!

See! muse, what gayer prospects rise before ye!

Awake and strike the founding lyre.

II.

W O R T H H O N O U R meeting,

T R U T H J U S T I C E greeting,

Where P L E N T Y laughs, and leads her festal train,

Around Britannia's sons repeating

Their conquests on the land and main.

III. The



## III.

The FAIR ONES smiling,

Each care beguiling,

Their heav'nly charms for laurell'd HEROES save;

How nobly burns the soul in martial toiling,

When LOVE and BEAUTY crowns the brave!

## IV.

Hail ARTS and LEARNING,

With PEACE returning!

Far hence dispell'd the Vandals barb'rous reign,

Hark! humbled FACTION mutters fullen mourning,

And bound OPPRESSION clanks her chain.

## V.

HEAV'N mercy shewing,

Fresh gifts bestowing,

Thy inbred Feuds, O Albion! shall appease;

Pleasure refin'd still sweetly overflowing

From social converse, learned ease.

## U

## VI. Thy

## VI.

Thy ISLE all-hailing,  
 Each Isle excelling,  
 PEACE, olive-wreath'd, her blessings shall supply:  
 Spread round the happy PEASANT'S humble dwelling  
 A calm, domestic, heart-felt joy,

## VII.

No rude alarming  
 Of WARRIORS arming,  
 No CLARIONS shrill the rage of HEROES move;  
 In peaceful groves are softer VOICES charming,  
 The voice of music and of love.

## VIII.

On fruitful TILLAGE,  
 Secur'd from PILLAGE,  
 The waving crops mild ZEPHYRS gently sway;  
 Whilst gay-rob'd MIRTH thro' ev'ry blithsome village  
 Keeps FROLIC WAKE and HOLIDAY.

IX. In

## IX.

In fragrant BOWERS,  
 On beds of FLOWERS,  
 Fair PHYLLIS tells a long, love-labour'd tale;  
 Or tunes a sonnet after genial showers  
 Under the HAW-THORN in the dale.

By bleating mountain,  
 Or willow'd fountain,  
 The Stock-Dove coos, the warbling Linnet sings:  
 Each jocund SWAIN, in rural shades recounting  
 What blessings GEORGE and FREEDOM brings.

## THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

FROM HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

SHOULD HOGARTH, by eccentric fancy led,  
 Draw some fine RACE-HORSE with a HUMAN  
 HEAD,

Or with a gaudy PEACOCK'S PLUMAGE drest,  
 Subjoin a DOLPHIN'S TAIL to CHLOE's breast,  
 And various limbs of various beasts combine,  
 Who would not laugh at such a wild design?

Believe me, now just as this tablet, such  
 A monster is the man who talks too much ;  
 Who void alike of modesty and sense ;  
 Attacks ONE's ears with wild impertinence ;  
 Holds on his silly random talk for ever,  
 Like a SICK MAN, LIGHT-HEADED in a fever.

The BARD and PAINTER scorn alike all laws :  
 THIS boldly writes, and THAT as boldly draws :  
 Then MEN OF PARTS may sure be free like these,  
 To talk at all times, and say what they please.

Granted — But let us have no glaring LIES,  
No monstrous TALES, and gross ABSURDITIES.

Some one, perhaps, is deem'd in company  
A man of wit, and keen at RAPARTEE;  
Whose tongue at first has something great profess'd,  
And shew'd him more facetious than the rest:  
Who long has talk'd of COURT-INTRIGUES and KINGS,  
LOVE, HONOUR, HORSES, DUELS, and such things:

What to the purpose this, I ask you? well —  
On some TRITE THEME I grant you may excell —  
But farther still; suppose another starts  
TRADE, COMMERCE, POLITICS, or LIB'RAL ARTS —  
Now all your wonted powers of RHET'RIC fail,  
And on your lips deep SILENCE sets her seal:  
When you begin with so much POMP and SHEW,  
Why do you sink so miserably LOW?  
Why lard your dying speech with modern oaths,  
And pass long praises on your neighbour's cloaths?  
Observe the weather's bad, or fine the day,  
For want of something sensible to say?

Indeed,

Indeed, good Sir, the greatest part o' th' nation  
 Mistake mere words and prate, for conversation,  
 As fools think IDLENESS a RECREATION.

The POLITICIAN throws out hints so shrewd —  
 He UNDERSTANDS — but ne'er is understood:  
 The BEAU, affecting to be thought polite,  
 Too often gets the name of COXCOMB by't:  
 The boasting SOLDIER still unceasing rattles  
 On ARMIES, MARCHES, SIEGES, CAMPS, and BATTLES.  
 Too fearful some of being said to PRATE,  
 Or else more fearful of a WARM DEBATE,  
 Reserv'd and cautious, modest, grave, and shy,  
 Look on the ground, and seldom meet your eye.

The TRAVELLER, as void of WIT as FEAR,  
 To gain the close attention of your ear,  
 Describes strange COUNTRIES where he ne'er has been,  
 Or stranger WONDERS which were never seen:  
 Thus some to shun the FOLLY of a BROTHER,  
 For want of PRUDENCE, fall into ANOTHER.

A man there was not far from Grosvenor-Square,  
 That well could grave the fingers, nails, and hair;

But

But never fully execute his plan,  
And give a finish'd figure of a man.

Ye, whom kind nature forms with fluent tongue,  
To join the **SOCIAL** and **CONVERSIVE** throng,  
Weigh well your talents; be distinct and clear  
In what you urge, and keep within your sphere:  
All **MASTERS** of their subjects talk with ease,  
Convince by **REASON**, and with **LANGUAGE** please.

Here all the art of **CONVERSATION** lies,  
If I am right — A **MAN**, **WELL-BRED** and **WISE**,  
Addresses all with a becoming **GRACE**;  
Speaks what is proper in its proper **PLACE**;  
In ev'ry **TOPIC** he shall introduce,  
Of sprightlier **TURN**, or of more general **USE**,  
Smart, not severe; tho' learn'd, not vain or rude;  
Free without pertness, and politely shrewd.

## CHLOE ROMPING.

## I.

**C**HLOE, averse to prudish airs,  
 Pert, frisky, young, and gay;  
 Tho' constantly she said her PRAY'RS,  
 Wou'd sometimes ROMP and play.

## II.

Why not? the GODDESSES above,  
 As faucy POETS show,  
 In JOVE's all-spacious palace love  
 To romp like NYMPHS below.

## III.

Some sages say, that MATTER hurl'd  
 Thro' space etherial hither,  
 By ROMPING atoms form'd the world,  
 Well jumbled all together.

## IV. Dame



## IV.

Dame NATURE first the ROMP began;  
 And ages all evince,  
 That WOMAN fondly mad hath ran  
 With ROMPING ever since.

## V.

Thus whilst at BALLS, with air genteel,  
 Each flowing form we see;  
 Dancing, in fact, is ROMPING still  
 With REGULARITY.

## VI.

Hence ROUTS and DRUMS a ROMP I call,  
 Tho' by a DUCHESS made;  
 And what's the greatest ROMP of all,  
 A MIDNIGHT MASQUERADE.

## VII.

'Tis hence gay CHLOE's airy life  
 Receives the general stamp;  
 'Tis hence, before she is a wife,  
 She sometimes loves to ROMP.

## VIII.

Yet cease, dear nymph, that FLORAL sport,  
 Whence LOVE has keener darts;  
 Tho' you may practise it unhurt,  
 Too deep it wounds our hearts.

## IX.

O! whilst you tread with SILENT pace  
 Amidst the shady grove,  
 Or press the CHAIR with easy grace,  
 Or in the MINUET move;

## X.

Or leaning on your snowy arms,  
 Just hum a sonnet o'er;  
 Astonish'd we survey thy charms,  
 We gaze, admire, adore.

## XI.

But round the room in frolic mood  
 When thus you frisk it so,  
 And force in brisker tides the blood  
 O'er rosy cheeks to flow:

XII. While

## XII.

While thus you scatter HEEDLESS DARTS,  
Without a certain aim;  
At random thrown, they pierce all hearts,  
Like JOVE'S ÆTHERIAL FLAME\*.

## XIII.

SOL'S CHARIOT thus, which in DUE PLACE,  
Does genial warmth inspire;  
Once left to run a GIDDY RACE,  
Set all the WORLD ON FIRE.

\* Lightning.

**D**II quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque  
    silentes,  
Et chaos & phlegethon; loca nocte tacentia latè,  
Sit mihi fas audita loqui: sit numine vestro  
Pandere res altâ terrâ & caligine mersas.

Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatus  
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris,  
Quam super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes

A DESCENT INTO THE KITCHEN OF  
TRINITY COLLEGE,—IN CAMBRIDGE;  
IN IMITATION OF ENEAS' INTO HELL.  
FROM VIRGIL.

**S** O L's fiery courfers on the ocean neigh'd,  
Whilst their GREAT DRIVER with his THETIS  
play'd;  
When ME to fumy coasts HILARIO bore,  
To view the wonders of the dreary shore.

GREAT GRISLY MONARCH of th' infernal glades,  
And ALL YE RULERS of night's silent shades,  
Assist the Muse in worthy strains to tell  
The wond'rous wonders of a modern hell.

Clofe by that structure of immortal fame,  
Which owes its grandeur to great HENRY's name,  
A gloomy vault its hideous jaws extends,  
And pointing on to realms of FLAME descends:

Tendere iter pennis : talis sese halitus atris  
Faucibus effundens, supera ad conyexa ferebat.

Conclamat vates: —

Nunc animis opus, Ænea, nunc pectore firmo ;  
Tantum effata, furens antro se immisit aperto.

FROM VIRGIL.

Ibant obscuro solâ sub nocte per umbram ;  
Quale per incertam lunam sub luce malignâ  
Est iter in Sylvis, ubi cœlum condidit umbrâ  
Jupiter, &c.

Vestibulum antè ipsum primisque in faucibus orci  
Luctus & ultrices posuere cubilia curæ,  
Pallentesque habitant morbi, tristisque senectus,  
Et metus & malefana fames & turpis egestas.

Around the gulph incessant vapours fly,  
And strait condensing, intercept the sky.

All fear to banish, and prevent surprise,  
"Call all your courage forth" HILARIO cries;  
Won by example, be thy heart serene,  
Prepar'd with me to view each darker scene.

He said ———

Behind the youth my trembling steps I bend,  
And down the vault's capacious jaws descend;  
Thro' dismal caverns urge a dreary way,  
Beneath the glimm'ring of uncertain day,  
Dim as when Luna with imperfect beams,  
Obscure and darkling, thro' the forest gleams.

Full in the entrance of this wretched place,  
Sat griping FAMINE with her meagre face;  
Arround the goddess pin'd incessant CARE;  
And pale-fac'd SORROW with dishevell'd hair;  
Shock'd with the rueful sight, from hence we stray,  
Our passage steering thro' the crowded way

Hic omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat,

Matres atque viri —

Continuò auditæ voces, vagitus & ingens,

Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.

Quæsitur Minos urnam movet; ille silentium

Conciliumque vocat, vitasque & crimina discit.

Inter quas Phæniffa recens a vulnere Dido

Errabat sylvâ in magnâ, quam Troius heros

Ut primum juxtâ stetit, agnôvitque per umbram

Obscuram —

Demisit lacrimas, dulcique affatus amore est.



Where angry youths, by pinching famine bold,  
O'erflow'd their bounds, and like a torrent roll'd  
Down the extended gulph —

Here dreadful clamours, undistinguish'd noise,  
Cooks, gips and scullions, with promiscuous cries, }  
In ceaseless volleys rend the nether skies.

Close by the door, in SYRIAN purple drest,  
Sat MINOS, kind avenger of th' oppress'd;  
Th' extended conscience of the cooks he guides,  
And fates of QUANTUMS with his will decides:  
Round whose despotic throne the STUDENTS wait,  
And from his MINUTES learn low CREDIT's fate.

Here hapless MOPSA, while with anxious toil,  
The Plates she rinses from their grease and soil;  
Her faithless LOVER like ELIZA mourns,  
Prefaging future throes in moving groans:  
But when HILARIO 'midst the crowd she knew,  
No longer grieving, to the shades withdrew;  
The startled youth the beck'ning nymph pursu'd,  
And with a promis'd purse all future pangs subdu'd.

Illa solo fixos oculos averſa tenebat :  
Tandem corripuit ſeſe atque inimica refugit  
In nemus umbriferum —  
Nec minùs Æneas, caſu percuſſus iniquo,  
Proſequitur lacrimans longè —

Gnoſſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet duriſſima regna,  
Caſtigatque auditque dolos, ſubigitque fateri.

Continuò fontes ultrix accincta flagello  
Intentans angues vocat agmina ſæva ſorum.

Here RHADAMANTHUS, whose tyrannic sway  
 Fish, beasts and fowls, nay fruits and eggs obey,  
 With thund'ring voice proclaims his subjects doom,  
 While blood and slaughter drench the floating room:  
 Unlike mild Bruin\*, he attacks the slain,  
 And on the victims tries all modes of pain;  
 While grisly fiends his dire commands fulfil,  
 And shew at once their cruelty and skill.

Here fierce ALECTOR'S brandish'd arms divide  
 The mangled swine, and gore the gaping hide;  
 The fell MEGÆRA plaice and congers fries,  
 Which in loud hissings mourn their obsequies:  
 Ixion working round the fatal wheel,  
 Makes slaughter'd beeves perpetual tortures feel:  
 Where a SIR LOIN, like rash PROMETHEUS, tied,  
 Oft weeps the iron vulture at his side;  
 While calves, and lambs, and fowls impal'd, deplore  
 Their instant fate, and curse each hellish pow'r.  
 Quite tir'd with scenes of such consummate woe,  
 At length HILARIO gives the word to go:  
 When swift as thought, still shudd'ring at the sight,  
 We dart away, and seek the upper light.

\* 'Tis said the Bear never feeds on a dead carcase.

A PRAISER TO R. A. L.  
 PARAPHRASED FROM THE FRENCH.

O What great pleasure 'tis to meet  
 In this delightful, blest retreat

My SHEPHERDESS! my fair one, say, A word will  
 How you spend the loit'ring day.

SHEPHERDESSES.  
 My mother's flock, O gentle swain,

Ranges o'er yonder neigh'bring plain:  
 To keep that flock that feeds hard by,

Is my whole pleasure and employ.  
 SHEPHERD.

Oh! Thou, whose charms so lovely bloom,  
 Without offence may ONE presume

To sit by thee in this fair dale,  
And tune a song, or tell a tale?

## SHEPHERDESS.

I beg you, SWAIN, come not too near:  
This faithful Dog that guards me here,  
If once provok'd, you soon will find  
Is vengeful and of savage kind.

## SHEPHERD.

Your snarling Dog, tho' ne'er so crust,  
I fear not: let him do his worst:  
The hardness of your heart, my dear,  
Is all a shepherd has to fear.  
The sprightly sonnets much you love  
Of birds, that warble thro' the grove;  
Why then from my love-breathing lay  
Thus do you turn your ear away?

## SHEPHERDESS.

The harmless bird in groves that sings  
No danger to the hearer brings:

But

But 'tis not so, when gentle swains  
Tune their too-moving tender strains.

## S H E P H E R D.

Oh ! think, FAIR MAID, as think you must,  
That 'tis both cruel and unjust,  
Whilst you have got (too well 'tis known)  
Another's heart, to keep your own.

## S H E P H E R D E S S.

Impute to me no cruel part;  
Nor wish I for another's heart :  
But hope I always shall know how  
To guard my own — as I do now.  
The weary sun, with feeble ray,  
Begins to set and close the day ;  
The shades project, and night comes on,  
And warns us shortly to be gone.  
My fleecy care, 'tis plainly seen,  
Leave with regret this verdant green ;  
But when to-morrow gilds the plain,  
I then shall bring them here again.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF  
BIRTH AND FORTUNE.

**D**ARE to forgive, lov'd youth, the homely page,  
Which swells with no poetic fustian rage;  
Forgive, if truth in humble guise appear;  
Nor airy fancy paint her foibles here:  
No pompous lines with learning daub'd about,  
Which oft requires as much to find it out;  
Fearless of censure, such I banish hence;  
For best, like solid gold, is solid sense.

Pure be thy morals, for the GREAT, we find,  
In all their actions influence mankind;  
Whatever passions our SUPERIORS guide,  
Each weaker mind think reason on their side.  
Let then bright virtue grace thy youthful bud:  
“A good example is a public good.”

Nor studious less each lib'ral science scan,  
Which forms the manners and adorns the man;

And

And since kind heaven has given thee such a dow'r,  
 The flow of riches, and the arm of pow'r,  
 In worthy deeds excel; impart thy store  
 To teach the ignorant, and cloath the poor:  
 Be bravely just; thy sovereign's friend confest;  
 And blest thy country; by thy country blest.  
 To every useful art a PATRON be,  
 And let each science find a FRIEND in thee.

Tho' outward pomp may fill the public ways,  
 And from the mob draw shouts of empty praise;  
 Intrinsic worth must true regard create;  
 The best support and guardian of the great.

Ah! what is GREATNESS? oft false GREATNESS  
 springs  
 From ravag'd kingdoms, and from murder'd kings.  
 Mark where it ends: He, whose triumphal car  
 Was drawn by KINGS, the glorious spoils of war,  
 Whom late ambition swell'd into a God:  
 How fallen now! a vulgar lifeless clod!

Ah! what is GLORY? fleeting, shadowy, vain!  
 No longer now proud Carthage towers remain:



Where now the glitt'ring hall so fam'd of old,  
 The floor of sapphire, and the roof of gold?  
 Sunk is the grandeur of th' Egyptian fame,  
 And CHEOP's stately tomb is but a name.

The arms, whose blazon tells an antient race  
 A patent, star and garter, or a place,  
 Weak mortals may the greatest honours call;  
 Virtue's a title nobler far than all.

The VAIN may laugh, the VIRTUOUS scoff to see  
 Devotion rising from the eye or knee:  
 But know, when crowns and coronets shall fail,  
 When friends and riches can no more avail;  
 When youth is fled, and pleasures are no more,  
 RELIGION puts us out of FORTUNE's power.

## T O M Y R A.

ON HER RETURN INTO THE COUNTRY.

## A S O N G.

## I.

**Y**OU ask me, whilst I frequent rove  
By murmuring stream or shady grove,  
To sing of something new :  
I strive to raise my trembling voice ;  
But still the muse approves her choice,  
And sings of nought but You.

## II.

When You was absent from our plains,  
The pipes of all our pensive swains  
Quite mute and silent grew :  
But now You blest the rural throng,  
Each swain resumes his jocund song  
To happiness and You.

## III. HERE

III. EPIGRAM.

HERE then, O all-accomplish'd fair!  
 Long fix your stay with shepherds here,  
 Who wish for nothing new;  
 Bid music raise her sprightliest strains,  
 Or paint with matchless art those plains,  
 Where nature charms in You.

IV. EPIGRAM.

So shall APOLLO, WISDOM'S SIRE.  
 Responsive to the warbling lyre,  
 Celestial airs renew:  
 The MUSES, fair AONIAN MAIDS,  
 Resort to these delightful shades,  
 And ever dwell with You.

## A G A I N S T L I B E L S.

**B**URNT be the piece, forgot the author's name,  
 That dares to hurt a good man's honest fame;  
 Alarms the virtuous breast with causeless fear,  
 "Or draws from INNOCENCE a single tear:"  
 Whose pois'nous rage invents the dire disgrace,  
 And spreads the blush upon the modest face.

What tho' with flow'ry words the lines be fraught?  
 With keenest wit, and finest turns of thought?  
 What tho' the reader's nicer ear to sooth,  
 Well tim'd the pause, the numbers soft and smooth?  
 Thus dipt in oil, the polish'd razor's found  
 With greater ease to give a deeper wound.

ON A BEETLE.

**S**LOW REPTILE, of an uncouth form,  
Pursue thy road secure;  
Resembling much the HUMAN WORM:

Thou'rt welcome to my floor.

Prostrate my feet do'ft THOU address,  
Like SLAVES the SULTAN's throne?

Thy pride, perhaps, may be no less;  
A MONARCH, but unknown.

What tho' but homely is thy feature?

More odious things I know;  
The selfish churl's an uglier creature,  
Unparell'd below.

IV. Tho'

## IV.

Tho' trampled on where'er you stray,

A sad unwelcome guest:

Lo! MAN by MAN is every day

Scorn'd, cheated, and oppress'd.

## V.

The lark to Heav'n swift-mounting flies;

Grov'ling on earth you crawl:

Thus lofty bards affect the skies;

I creep, nor fear to fall.

## VI.

'Tis said, "Thou'rt blind!" even thus the bard

To GARRET dull confin'd,

Who trusts to PATRONS for reward,

Believe me, is as blind.

## VII.

But search the world with strictest care;

How many can you find,

Tho' boasting brighter parts — but are,

Like BARD and BEETLE, blind?

## THE LOVERS

## AN ANACREONTIC.

Y O N fond pair, dear CHLOE, view,  
 Young and innocent as you !  
 See how lovingly they're laid  
 In that fountain's cooling shade !  
 Near 'em murmuring waters flow ;  
 Blooming flow'rs around 'em glow ;  
 Pretty sportive lambkins play :  
 NATURE ev'ry where looks gay.

See the fair with willing mind  
 On her STREPHON's arm reclin'd !  
 See with honest plain address,  
 STREPHON in his turn carefs !  
 While the maid, tho' fir'd with bliss,  
 Seems to struggle for a kiss :  
 Brighter NYMPH, or happier SWAIN,  
 Never rang'd th' Arcadian plain.

CHLOE,

CHLOE, hence let us (thy waist  
By my circling arm embrac'd)  
Thro' such beauteous landscapes walk,  
Mingling kisses, mingling talk.  
But ah! let no odious name  
Stigmatise our tender flame:  
Then shall Heav'n our YOUTH approve;  
A YOUTH — of innocence and love.



TO STELLA,  
ON A SHOE CURIOUSLY WORKED BY  
HER WITH A NEEDLE.

**T**HE taper waist, and arms like snow,  
The dimpled cheek, and eyes of floe,  
Are vulgar charms, FLIRTILLA said;  
And built a WINDMILL on her head.

But STELLA, whom the gods have blest  
With elegance beyond the rest,  
One day with curious needle drew  
Her sprightly fancy on her shoe:  
CUPID admir'd the pretty thought;  
And VENUS prais'd what STELLA wrought.  
Hence when she treads the Sylvan scene,  
With easy air and looks serene,  
The GRACES all around her wait,  
And guide her feet and form her gait:  
Each raptur'd youth with passion glows;  
And ENVY follows where she goes.

TO A LADY OF RANK AND FORTUNE,  
WITH A TREATISE CONTAINING  
SOME ACCOUNT OF HER ANCESTORS.

WHILST others, skill'd in ev'ry softer air,  
Politely civil to engage the fair,  
Each trifling topic happily advance,  
Present a play-book or a gilt romance ;  
Deign, MYRA, to accept this ruder page,  
And learn the virtues of a former age ;  
Weigh well each line momentous, where is seen  
What thy long race of ANCESTORS have been ;  
But cease to boast thy high descent of blood,  
Proud of the nobler honour — to BE GOOD.

Whilst thoughtless nymphs in gilded chariots ride  
To costly banquets and the feasts of pride ;  
Where all the VAIN their social hours abuse  
In tales of scandal and ill-natur'd news ;  
More virtuous THOU wilt visit oft the spot  
Where dwells the peasant in a straw-built cot,

Where

Where on his thorny bed AFFLICTION lies,  
Or pale DISTRESS with lonely VIRTUE sighs :  
Wilt kindly wipe the trickling tear away,  
Bid ANGUISH smile, and POVERTY be gay.

Let others vainly strive themselves to bless  
With all the glare of EQUIPAGE and DRESS ;  
Be thine the moral pleasures of the mind,  
An humble temper and a will resign'd ;  
Fair CHARITY, soft PEACE, and meek CONTENT,  
And the full honours of a life well spent :  
These when all POMP shall fail, as fail it must,  
And all the titled DEAD be turn'd to dust,  
These living still, a MYRA's name shall save  
Bloom beyond death, and triumph o'er the grave.

AN EPITAPH, FOUND IN THE SEPULCHRE  
OF CYRUS THE PERSIAN MONARCH

BY ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

FROM THE GREEK.

**W**HOE'ER thou art, that view'st this vaulted  
dome,  
Some mighty CONQUEROR in time to come!  
Here CYRUS lies, a monarch dear to fame;  
The first great FOUNDER of the PERSIAN name.  
Learn hence how all things change, or all decay;  
How KINGS must die, and KINGDOMS pass away:  
Ah! grant my bones this small, unenvy'd room;  
And tho' you spoil my COUNTRY, spare my TOMB.

## THE GOOD WIFE.

## FROM THE THIRTY-FIRST CHAPTER

## OF PROVERBS.

**H**APPY the man whom Heav'n directs to find  
 A lovely CONSORT with a virtuous mind:  
 Her charms are brighter, and her virtue more  
 Than sparkling rubies or the golden ore.  
 Blest in her love, and in her conduct blest,  
 No jealous fears alarm the HUSBAND'S breast;  
 No wily frauds a fortune need repair,  
 Too often wasted by th' unthinking fair.  
 For her the flax its swelling boll prepares,  
 For her yon flock the fleecy treasure wears;  
 'Tis hence she traffics, far and wide well known,  
 With curious manufactures all her own:  
 For which the merchants barter various store,  
 The far-fetch'd produce of a foreign shore.  
 E'er yet the morn bestreaks the ruddy East,  
 She springs from slumber and inglorious rest;

When 'mongst her servants, ready to obey,  
 She deals the meat and business of the day :  
 As annual gain successful labours yield,  
 She buys the tenure of some fruitful field,  
 Where on the hills she bids the vintage glow,  
 Whilst the glad vallies laugh and sing below.

HEALTH'S active vigour is her boasted charm,  
 And STRENGTH the precious bracelet of her arm.  
 Each early dawn beholds her care begun;  
 Nor ends her labour with the setting sun;  
 Witness, ye conscious lights, her nightly toil,  
 The wasting candle and the sinking oil;  
 She plies the distaff, tho' so nobly bred;  
 And round the spindle winds the ductile thread :  
 Relieves the need of every neighb'ring poor,  
 And pilgrim want goes chearful from her door.  
 Return, ye seasons, welcome all ! her care  
 Makes change of raiment for the changing year :  
 Warm in the snow her sons are cloath'd in frize ;  
 And finer SCARLET courts the summer breeze.  
 See fabled tap'stry grace each stately room,  
 The beauteous product of her far-fam'd loom !

Her cloaths all wrought with filk, invite the eye  
With colours brighter than the Tyrian dye!  
Nor THOU, her consort, art distinguish'd less,  
With every matchless elegance of dress.  
When to the assembl'd state full-rob'd you come;  
Those robes declare the prudent DAME at home.

When fortune smiles, or wears a frown unkind,  
She still receives her with an equal mind;  
Chearful at present; leaves to Heav'n the rest;  
With virtue strengthen'd, and with honour blest;  
Fair WISDOM's rules, which to the Good belong,  
Distil like honey from her melting tongue;  
Her tuneful words enchant the list'ning ear;  
Kind, tho' reserv'd; tho' modest, not severe.  
Haply tho' pleasures may sometimes invite,  
Yet household business is her chief delight;  
When from herself each menial servant learns  
To eat the bread which virtuous labour earns.

Thrice blest the CHILDREN at her table fed!  
By prudence train'd, and by example led;  
Thrice blest the HUSBAND! whose indulgent fair  
Bears half the burden of domestic care;

Her

Her offspring loud their MOTHER's worth proclaim,  
And HUSBAND joins in chorus to her fame:

“ Whatever wives the world may virtuous call,

“ Yet THOU, my fair one, THOU excellest all.”

Too soon deceitful favours may decay,  
Riches take wing, and beauty fade away ;  
But SHE, that lovely SHE, shall be ador'd,  
Whose dow'r is virtue, and whose fear the LORD ;  
No need that BARDS in verse her honour boast ;  
HER OWN GOOD WORKS AND CONDUCT PRAISE HER

MOST.



## ON THE BURIAL OF A PARISH INFANT.

(The Child is supposed to speak.)

## I.

**W**HEN no one gave the cordial draught,  
No healing art was found,  
My God his sov'reign balsam brought,  
And death clos'd up the wound.

## II.

What tho' no mournful kindred stand  
Around the solemn bier?  
No parent wrings the trembling hand,  
Or drops the tender tear?

## III.

No oak, adorn'd with cost and care,  
My infant limbs inclose;  
No friends a winding-sheet prepare  
To grace my long repose?

## IV.

Yet hear, ye Sons of grandeur, this,

Hear this, YE MIGHTY PROUD ;

Full hope to me a coffin is,

And innocence a shroud.

## V.

Tho' lost my name, obscure my race,

No stone tell where I lie ;

Yet has his LORDSHIP or his GRACE

A better tomb than I ?

THE STORY OF HAMAN AND MORDECAI.  
FROM THE BOOK OF ESTHER.

**O** THOU who erst the lofty MILTON taught  
To soar sublime in majesty of thought,  
Who kindly led'st him by thy quick'ning ray  
Thro' realms of light and everlasting day;  
Gav'st him persuasive eloquence of tongue,  
The mighty founder of religious song;  
Descend from Heav'n, URANIA, peerless maid,  
And to thy VOT'RY grant a welcome aid;  
Fir'd with the subject, bid his soul arise,  
And in full raptures emulate the skies;  
Teach him with truth the sacred tale to tell,  
How VIRTUE triumph'd, and AMBITION fell.

The noble AHASUERUS now possess'd  
Th' extensive kingdoms of the wealthy East:  
In Shusham's town he fix'd his royal seat,  
And rul'd o'er all magnificently great.

Great as his PRINCE, in dignity and state  
 The supercilious HAMAN proudly fat;  
 To whom his LIEGE, awhile to merit blind,  
 The highest honours of the realms assign'd:  
 To whom e'en KINGS from distant climates run,  
 And offer'd incense to the rising SUN:  
 Whose magic influence, as in India's mines,  
 Matures the ore, and to pure gold refines.  
 Drunk with success, and insolently great,  
 He fear'd nor mortal nor immortal hate;  
 But as he pleas'd, unrivall'd and alone,  
 Dealt freely out th' employments of the throne.

But lo! the happiness of kings to chill,  
 And let them know they are but mortals still,  
 A JEW was found, sublimely bold, to soar  
 On virtue's wings to heights unknown before,  
 Who scorn'd to fawn, cringe, flatter, and adore  
 The gilded crimes of arbitrary pow'r.  
 How griev'd to see the people thus distress'd,  
 With fraud, extortion, and all ills oppress'd:  
 Nay, dar'd to blame the folly of a prince,  
 Whose subjects suffer for their king's offence.

So great the patriot! MORDECAI his name :  
A bright example in the world of fame.

With jealous eyes the fav'rite statesman saw  
The JEW take up the sword, and void of awe,  
Maintain, that TYRANNY CAN NE'ER BE LAW. }  
Envy inflam'd his soul with dire alarms,  
And bid him summon all his might to arms.  
Now first he learn'd to fear, and first to find,  
That care and trouble touch a statesman's mind.

Mov'd with the wrongs the Jewish nation bore,  
The glorious patriot could bear no more ;  
But cloath'd with sackcloth, and with ashes spread,  
Around his hoary venerable head,  
To gen'rous AHASUERUS thus express'd  
The public sorrows center'd in his breast :

“ If truth and justice can command thine ear,  
“ Fix'd in attention let my monarch hear.  
“ No private wrongs, no secret sorrows bring :  
“ Thy faithful servant to molest his king :  
“ No mean ambition to advance his pow'r,  
“ And snatch from fortune ev'n one favour more ;  
“ Things

" Things of far greater consequence obligè  
 " The humble Vassal to address his liege.  
 " Lo ! the extinction of the Jewish LINE  
 " Grows instantaneous in a dark design :  
 " And cruel HAMAN, deaf to nature's call,  
 " Commands our death, and bids us tamely fall :  
 " If ever pity touch'd thy royal breast,  
 " Be all that godlike pity now confess :  
 " Relent, great PRINCE, revoke the dreadful doom,  
 " And grant a joyful respite from the tomb."

Touch'd with compassion at the moving tale,  
 The KING relents, and MERCY turns the scale,  
 The rev'rend SUPPLIANT strait proclaims aloud  
 The welcome tidings to the list'ning crowd ;  
 Fix'd in attention, on his words they hung,  
 And deep imbib'd the music of his tongue.  
 Sav'd and deliver'd from th' oppressor's hand,  
 What peals of rapture gave the CHOSEN BAND !

As when in triumph mighty CHIEFS are come,  
 With KINGS in bondage, to the gates of Rome,  
 In shouts tumultuous wild applauses rise,  
 And loud huzzas redoubled, rend the skies.

Such

Such joy in every Jewish bosom beat,  
Escap'd the toils their bloody Foe had fet.

And now his FALL the treach'rous fav'rite saw,  
His WILL no more the substitute of law :  
Sunk in despair, he saw the people's hate :  
Fixed is his doom by all the powers of fate.  
Nail'd to the tree for MORDECAI prepar'd,  
Suspended high, as treach'ry's meet reward,  
The guilty WRETCH, in all the pangs of death,  
Loaded with curses, yields his trembling breath.  
Illustrious MORDECAI his place supply'd,  
And sat the next to AHASUERUS' side.  
Firm to true honour and his country's cause ;  
The great RESTORER of perverted laws ;  
To party-rage superior he shone,  
And always made the gen'ral good his own ;  
In every function resolutely just ;  
In danger staunch, and equal to his trust :  
A wise companion, as a faithful friend,  
Whose public virtue not e'en bribes could bend.

From this example, fair Britannia, learn  
The PATRIOT from the traitor to discern ;

Crush the base coward, but advance the brave,  
Distinguish rightly between fool and knave,  
And guard the subject from becoming slave;  
Then shall thy glory and unfully'd name  
Bloom in the annals of eternal FAME;  
To latest time thy WISDOM shall be known,  
And all POSTERITY revere the British throne.

TO THE HON. MISS COCKAYNE,

ON THE FAVOUR OF HER SUBSCRIPTION.

**I**LLUSTRIous COCKAYNE, when the fair engage,  
New glory beams upon the virgin page;  
Fir'd by thy smiles, and conscious of the aid,  
The muse in raptures hails THEE, matchless maid!  
And once secure in thy auspicious name,  
Dull critics scorns, nor wishes greater fame.



.VI

TO MISS JENNY LAWTON,

NOW COUNTESS OF NORTHAMPTON.

I.

WHEN great APOLLOES erst essay'd  
 To draw the queen of love,  
 Some charm he stole from ev'ry maid,  
 The portrait to improve.

II.

Methinks the rose from SYLVIA'S face,  
 His furtive pencil drew;  
 The sparkling eye's resistless grace,  
 Sure, CHLOE, came from you.

III.

A faultless shape and striking air,  
 A soft engaging look,  
 From the late fam'd Hibernian fair  
 The roving artist took.

C c

IV. With

## IV.

With mimic life the picture glow'd;

The canvas seem'd to breathe;

And beauty from his pencil flow'd,

As might have charm'd ev'n death,

## V.

'Tis done, th' ingenious artist cry'd;

Let earth its equal show!

'Tis done; th' astonish'd world reply'd,

No equal here below.

## VI.

While thus the world, in rapture lost,

The finish'd piece survey'd;

Hadst thou amongst th' embodied host

Thy rival form display'd;

## VII.

APELLES, struck with deep surprise

To see such charms, had said,

“ Or VENUS — THAT, abjur'd her skies;

“ Or THIS — that matchless maid.”

## T O C H L O E.

**Q**UEEN of beauty, queen of love,  
 Quit a while thy fav'rite grove;  
 Hasten to \*\*\*\*\*, hasten away,  
 Where my CHLOE holds her sway;  
 On the wings of bliss convey'd  
 To the love-sequester'd shade;  
 Where in gay Elysian bow'rs,  
 Strew'd with luxury of flow'rs,  
 CHLOE, fairest of the fair,  
 Rears an altar to thy care;  
 Bids the fragrant incense flame,  
 And in pray'rs invokes thy name;  
 Thither haste without delay,  
 Swift as sun-beams dart away.

CUPID, thither too repair,  
 Faithful to thy vot'ry's pray'r;  
 Arm'd with love and soft desire,  
 Melting, tender thoughts inspire;  
 Thoughts that may to bliss entice,  
 Gently soft'ning virtue's ice;

Make the nymph, tho' ne'er so coy,  
Listen to connubial joy. H O T

But lest she rebellious prove  
To all eloquence of love;  
Take thy sure, unerring bow,  
Sure to triumph o'er thy foe;  
Load thy quiver well with darts  
Tipt with gold, to conquer hearts;  
Then where eloquence shall fail,  
These victorious shall prevail.

And when conquest crowns the fight,  
Fir'd with love and soft delight,  
Shou'd she ask whose chief you be,  
Tell her, boy, you fought for me.

HORACE.

## HORACE. BOOK II. ODE XIII.

PARAPHRASED.

INSCRIBED TO SIR THO. ALSTON, BART.  
OF ODELL, IN BEDFORDSHIRE.

Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,

Labuntur anni, &c.

**S**WIFT as the wind the fleeting moments glide,  
Nor parts nor virtues stem the rapid tide;

Nought here, my friend,

Can long delay

The churlish wrinkle, or the hoary grey;

Sad harbingers of our approaching end.

Tho' ev'ry day ten thousand bullocks slain

Relentless PLUTO's greedy altars stain,

Your fruitless prayers

Shall never reach his ears ;

Still must you visit the infernal shore,

Whither each ancestor is gone before.

Each transient wight, who treads the spacious earth,  
Must view the mansions of the tyrant death.

The haughty king, the humble slave

Find no distinction in the grave :

Officious CHARON, with his pliant oar,

Promiscuous wafts them to the dreary shore.

IV.

Can long delay

Embattled squadrons on Germania's plain

In vain we shun : in vain the dangers of the main :

In vain we try

Autumnal blasts to fly,

Or sickly dog-day's torrid heat evade

In the cool grotto's artificial shade,

## IV.

Bootless is e'en our fondest care,  
 In vain our sighs, in vain each pray'r:  
 'Tis ev'ry ill-star'd mortal's lot to view  
 Cocytus' languid stream of fable hue,  
 Where the BELIDES and great ÆOLS' son  
 Attend their various labours, never done.

VI.  
 In wagon with the load  
 Behind a thousand miles more

Your farms, your seats by JONES or WREN design'd;  
 Nor shall the fair herself be left behind;  
 And the the sweet pledges of responsive love  
 Shall ineffectual prove

The stubborn sentence to reverse,  
 And disappoint the herse.

Nought hence, my friend,  
 Of all the numerous woods you have,  
 Except the elm, funereal, shall attend  
 Its short-liv'd master to the grave.

## VII.

Enjoyment after death's a jest :  
 How great the folly then confess, }  
 Of hoarded wealth to die posses?  
 'Tis ten to one some lavish heir,  
 (By your indulgence, void of care)  
 With mellow wines, which long invaulted lay,  
 Safe in the custody of many a key,  
 In wanton mirth shall stain the floor,  
 Besides a thousand frolics more :  
 To such enormous pitch at last increas'd,  
 Elysium's every night ; each day a lord may'r's feast.



ON A FAVOURITE HUNTING MARE  
THAT WAS KILLED BY A STAKE.

Ille et nefasto te posuit Die  
Quincunquē primum, et sacrilegâ manu  
Produxit, arbos.

HOR. CAR. LIB. II. ODE XIII.

SOME carl, with sacrilegious hand,  
On some unlucky morn,  
First bid within those mounds to stand,  
That dire ill-fated thorn.

I could believe the furly hind  
Would kill his friend, or wife ;  
I could suppose his rustic mind  
Foe to the joys of life.

What to avoid who can forsee,  
When death's impartial dart,  
Or from a stone, or rotten tree,  
Can pierce each living heart ?

D d

But

But O! ye masters of the reins,

To her some favour shew,

Ye who have left Newmarket's plains,

To ride in realms below;

Should you espy, in those domains,

Bald CHARLOTTE's wandering ghost,

Commend her, and you'll find your pains

And friendship is not lost.

Tell PLUTO she will bear the road,

And pray ye now remind him;

She'll not refuse to take the load

Of PROSERPINE behind him.

A NIGHT

## A N I G H T P I E C E.

Quid sit futurum cras, I fuge quærere.

I.

**H** A I L, SOLEMN SILENCE, PEACEFUL SHADE,  
With that sweet bird, poor PHILOMEL!

And THOU, fair CYNTHIA, spotless maid,

In virgin modesty unveil

From yonder amber cloud thy head,

And all thy mildest influence shed!

Serene and lovely be thy face,

As when thou stol'st, at midnight hour,

With softest pace, to LATMOS' bow'r,

Thy lov'd ENDYMION to embrace.

## II.

UNRIVALL'D QUEEN of ev'ry star

That decks the spangled vault of night,

Where all in their due course declare

Th' ALMIGHTY HAND that gave 'em light;

Let the Chaldean sage descry  
 In thy dim orb the destiny,  
 That over mighty kings presides,  
 When thy disast'rous looks portend  
 The plots and perils that attend  
 Empires, inconstant as thy tides.

## III.

Let it suffice for me, that thou dispense  
 Thy lustre mild to dissannul the reign  
 Of chaos and old night, calming the sense  
 Of wretchedness and discontented pain.  
 For when beneath thy silver beams I stray,  
 While silence waits around, and all things sleep,  
 But watchful meditation, I survey,  
 Absorb'd in thought, yon myriads bright, that keep  
 Eternal vigils in the spheres, and pay  
 Worship to HIM, who made the night and day.

## IV.

To-morrow let thy sun arise,  
 MAKER OMNIPOTENT, with light  
 Impurpling all the Eastern skies,  
 Forth issuing like a bridegroom bright

With

With radiant flame : awak'd by whom,  
 The whole creation duly come  
 To pay their orisons : the bird  
 Sweet carols warbles from the tree ;  
 The ox, with meaning, lowe to THEE  
 Loud calling, towards the East is heard.

## V.

The flow'rs their drooping honours raise,  
 Impearl'd with liquid drops of dew,  
 THY blessing; and in silent praise  
 Adore THY bounties, that renew  
 Their odours nightly : but let man  
 Be chiefly heard of all — And when  
 Thro' all this globe of earth I see  
 Thy fruits, thy flow'rs, and ev'ry race  
 Of animals confes thy GRACE,  
 O teach me gratitude to THEE !

## VI.

Teach me with lowly wisdom to adore  
 Thy infinite supremacy ; t' obey  
 Thy providence unlimited, and pow'r  
 Eternal, universal : grant this day

Health,

Health, peace, and virtue; more if thou bestow;  
 Thy name be prais'd: if not, thy will is right;  
 I neither can, nor vainly wish to know.  
 Thy mind unfathomable: grant this night  
 I may in safety rest: to THEE are known  
 To-morrow's deeds — Be then thy wonted goodness  
 known.

### ON THE POVERTY OF THE OLD ROMANS.

NATURE is blest, with little tho' supply'd;  
 All else is superfluity and pride.  
 This once-priz'd truth the wiser sages taught;  
 Thus SENECA, and thus the CYNIC thought,  
 And that brave SLAVE, whose lessons all contain  
 But two plain rules, "Be patient, and abstain."

Once, honour'd poverty! Rome's better days  
 Well knew thy value, and confess'd thy praise,  
 Ere conscience yet, or honesty were sold,  
 Or statesmen barter'd liberty for gold.

See great FABRICIUS pomp of state resign,  
 On wholesome gruels and on herbs to dine!  
 Intent on tillage, with sweat-breathing brow.  
 See CINCINNATUS lab'ring at the plough!  
 Behold great CATO through his country ride,  
 No ruffled lacquies fauntering at his side!  
 Brave FABIUS eat the beans his garden bore,  
 And LIVIA spin the robes AUGUSTUS wore!  
 For thee and virtue, CURIOUS of old,  
 The SAMNITE scoff'd and spurn'd the proffer'd gold  
 By thee MENENIUS serv'd immortal ROME;  
 Nor left ten sesterces to build a tomb.

Such once thy honours! but how fallen now!  
 Disdain at thee contracts her furlly brow:  
 Since pride, inventing every art to please,  
 First taught the world dress, equipage, and ease;  
 Since luxury ran sack'd ocean, earth, and air,  
 To form the grand expensive bill of fare;  
 Thee courts and cities are ashamed to own,  
 While supple reverence bows to wealth alone.

But still on thee proud man for aid must call;  
 You raise those armies which defend us all;

You

You call the peasant to his daily toil,  
 To turn the glebe and meliorate the soil ;  
 Hence plenteous crops in fruitful deserts bloom,  
 And Albion rivals old immortal Rome.

## THE FABLE OF THE FOX AND GRAPES.

FROM PHÆDRUS.

**A** Subtile fox, by pinching famine led,  
 Despising danger, to a vineyard sped ;  
 Where clustering high, in beautiful array,  
 The luscious fruit reflects the various ray :  
 In vain he views it with desiring eyes,  
 In vain endeavours to secure the prize :  
 Superior still to all his crafty wiles,  
 It mocks each effort, and each art beguiles.  
 Thus baulk'd, he said, as trudging off in haste,  
 Phaw ! 'tis mere trash : unfit for fox of taste.

Hence may the strippling, who solicits fame  
 From knowing Authors — only by their name ;



Still to preserve th' applause of letter'd arts,  
 And shun contempt attending want of parts,  
 Whose venom, overpower'd in folly's oil,  
 With fruitless efforts mocks its master's coil,  
 From REYNARD's mouth this useful salvo gain,  
 "Damn, as mere trash, the SENSE you can't attain."

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROGERS,  
 SON OF MR. TIMOTHY ROGERS,  
 OF NORTHAMPTON.

*Οι ανδρες μεν πολλοι εισιν.*

**T**OO well, blest youth, you've prov'd the fatal  
 theme,  
 "That man's a blossom, and his life a dream!"  
 Since spotless virtue, and a noble mind  
 Adorn'd with all a father wish'd to find,  
 Precarious blessings of the mortal state,  
 Were found too weak to cope with partial fate.

From blooming genius and a reach of parts,  
 That just had trac'd the deep recess of arts,  
 How vast our hopes! but oh! how short their reign!  
 Heav'n gives us pleasure but to give us pain:  
 For blasted, like some tender flow'r, in bloom,  
 With thee, dear youth, they found an early tomb.  
 Rashly I grieve; just heav'n but claims its due;  
 Ag'd were thy virtues, tho' thy years were few.

Pulchrum ornatum plus cæno turpes mores  
 collinunt. PLAUT.

**W**HEN God first drew creation's wond'rous plan,  
 And from the draught the wond'rous work  
 began,

Unnumber'd worlds from teeming embryo sprung,  
 And, launch'd in yielding air, self-balanc'd hung:  
 Suns, stars, and planets, all in order plac'd,  
 At heav'n's command each glorious system grac'd,  
 Of nature's works the last was man design'd,  
 Endu'd with reason and a thinking mind;  
 Nor like the beasts a bending form he wore,  
 With passions suited to the form they bore,

Low,

Low, groveling, filthy, turbulent, and loud,  
 Slaves to their lusts, and of their slav'ry proud;  
 But God on man bestow'd a form erect,  
 And graceful person, vacant of defect :  
 His own fair image on the clay imprest,  
 And planted noble passions in his breast :  
 Imperial reason as a pilot gave,  
 To steer us safe o'er life's tumultuous wave :  
 Small was the difference by his bounty shown ;  
 And scarce the mortal from the angel known,  
 Alike their form, their business was the same,  
 Each grateful hail'd the great JEHOVAH's name,  
 And thank'd the God from whom their being came. }

O ! had he still maintain'd his native state,  
 He still had soar'd above the reach of fate ;  
 But soon his passions, formidable foes,  
 Deaf to controul, in fierce rebellion rose ;  
 Contested strongly for superior sway,  
 And MAN, at last, consented to obey ;  
 To the fierce tyrants all his power resign'd,  
 And meanly lost the empire of his mind.  
 Impell'd by passion, now no more he hears  
 Cool reason's voice ; or hearing it, prefers :

But hurried headlong down th' impetuous tide  
 Of wrath, revenge, hate, insolence, and pride;  
 From crime to crime with bold desires proceeds,  
 And the whole circuit of transgression treads;  
 With huge gigantic steps attempts the skies,  
 And e'en Omnipotence itself defies.

Hence ghastly death (such heav'n's vindictive will)  
 Erects his throne, and pleads his power to kill;  
 With vengeful arm (revers'd the glorious plan!)  
 In ruins lays the jarring world of man.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

THE

## THE COMPOSITION OF AN ATTORNEY.

PROVOK'D and anger'd with repeated sin,  
 And fully bent to blast the sons of men,  
 Jove sent his herald thro' the bright abodes,  
 And call'd to council all his brother gods;  
 Then shaking his ambrosial curls, began —  
 “How long, ye pow'rs! shall bold presumptuous man,  
 “In wanton strife our solemn laws transgress,  
 “And from impunity infer success?  
 “Resolv'd is Jove to disannul their race?  
 “But YOUR OPINIONS FIRST UPON THE CASE.”

He spoke : the major part approve the cause,  
 And old Olympus trembles with applause ;  
 When starting from his seat, to speak prepar'd ;  
 Sagacious HERMES begs he may be heard.  
 “Destruction, Sire, aggrieves too short a space,  
 “A sentence no ways equal to the case :  
 “Such bold offenders wholly to restrain,  
 “Yet suffer still their being to remain,  
 “Merits e'en vast variety of pain :

“Then

“ Then let the following for attention plead,  
 “ Affur’d the project cannot but succeed.”

First, shall a large capacious cell contain  
 The quintessence of ev’ry JESUIT’S brain;  
 Next JUDAS’ baseness actuate his heart,  
 And WILD’S\* fly genius teach each hell-born art:  
 Rapacious HOPKINS† give a lust of wealth,  
 And WARD the method to procure by stealth:  
 CHARTRES inspire with courage to proceed,  
 Affur’d that heav’n permits th’ atrocious deed;  
 And for wise reasons never known to man,  
 Winks at the thief, and grants a longer span:  
 HENLEY contribute impudence of face,  
 Condens’d by practice into solid brass:  
 Vocif’rous N—— furnish ample lungs,  
 Charg’d with the thunder of all Babel’s tongues:  
 Hypocrisy from S—— let him have,  
 A seeming saint, and a consummate knave;

\* JONATHAN WILD.

† Commonly called VULTURE. For the rest, see POPE’S  
 works.

From ZANGA \* hate ; brutality from KIRK † ;  
Truth or religion from the Jew or Turk :  
These nicely temper'd in a mortal frame,  
Shall plague mankind, and fet the world on flame.

Jove with a solemn nod approv'd the hash,  
And call'd the curs'd malignant medley M—SHE.

\* ZANGA, whose character is drawn by YOUNG in his *Revenge*.

† KIRK, whose cruelty is celebrated by POMFRET,

These nicely fitted to a mortal state,  
Shall blast mankind, and do the work of fate.

## T O R——T P——T.

An, si quis atro dente me petiverit,

Inultus ut flebo puer.

HOR.

## I.

**W**ERT thou but master of that stone \*  
Which long the learn'd have sought to find;  
Arabia's stores had been thy own,  
And all the wealth of either Ind.

## II.

Thrice happy BOB! thy mass of lead,  
For transmutation amply fit,  
Like some fair fountain, freely fed,  
Had flow'd in golden † streams of wit.

## III. But

\* The philosopher's stone.

† Any person possessed of this valuable secret, readily understands how to transmute lead, and all ignoble metals, into pure gold.



## III.

But till that precious secret's thine,  
 In native dulness firmly bound ;  
 Base as when first, it left the mine  
 Still shall the pig a pig\* be found.

## IV. Nor

gold. Now gold, or (if you please) a large fortune, has always been admitted as a proper substitute of wit, and every other personal accomplishment whatsoever, as it commands the respect and services of inferiors, and puts men above the contempt of equals: of what use, therefore, this secret would have been to this gentleman, let the world determine.

\* I will venture a wager, gentle Reader, intricate as this passage seems to be, that I have hit upon the true spirit and meaning of the author in it. That it is figurative and metaphorical, can, in my opinion, admit of no dispute: for, it is absurd to imagine any author so void of ill-manners as to compare a gentleman to a pig, or hog, in a literal sense; when, perhaps, there is no other resemblance than that of a foul, inordinate appetite, and a strange propensity to nastiness.

## IV.

Nor need'st thou Providence arraign;  
 But bless it for excess of grace:  
 For where no sense is, there no pain,  
 Philosophers agree, takes place.

T O

If I have any judgment, the meaning is this. You must know, then, that the members of St. John's college, in Cambridge, (to which society, I presume, this gentleman formerly belonged) are wantonly called, though I never could learn the reason, *JOHNIAN HOGS*. This account seems to be easy and natural; nor indeed do I think it capable of any other construction, consistent with sense, civility, and good manners. *SCRIB.*

But softly, good Scriblerus: this, doubtless, is an offence against your own principles. You endeavour to exculpate the author from the charge of indecency and absurdity in one point, but make him commit a greater, by a rash and unjustifiable construction on his words, which have no such meaning: for, with due submission to your critical abilities, it may be interpreted without offence to the above society, and yet consistent with all those fine words of yours.

Suppose

TO MR. RICHARD W—T—N OF LEICESTER,

UPON LEAVING THAT TOWN.

**A**POLOGIES, avaunt! I hate  
 All stiff formality and state;  
 Be gone excuse and dull pretence,  
 Loath'd offsprings of distorted sense;  
 'Tis penance to a gen'rous ear  
 Periods of compliments to hear;

Suppose then, as this gentleman is no strict observer of Lent, that by *PIG*, the author means “*de grege epicuri porcum* ;” or, that 'tis a technical term, signifying a block or lump of lead: you will, I believe, allow this last to be a very pertinent and apposite allusion, as it so peculiarly resembles him in all its most essential properties. The following epigram seems to confirm the above opinion.

If such he be, how weak thy aim!

In vain the muse puts on the lock;

For, dead to feeling, dead to shame,

Can ought affect the senseless block?

Then let my humble numbers teach  
 Plain truth without the flow'rs of speech;  
 For truth, like nature, pleases best  
 In pure simplicity when dress'd.

At seven, or pretty near the time,  
 (An hour or so's not much in rhyme)  
 I left the dear engaging fair,  
 Fair as poetic beauties are;  
 'Tis true, I left her, Dick; but say,  
 Could I bring all myself away?  
 Could I behold the nymph, nor melt  
 At what I saw, and, seeing, felt?  
 Ah! could I, CORDE SALVO, leave  
 This loveliest progeny of EVE?  
 Without a single sigh depart,  
 Proof 'gainst love's victorious dart?

Oh! no: with pleasure CUPID saw  
 Within my heart a little flaw:  
 The wanton urchin, smiling, drew  
 His bow, and forth an arrow flew;  
 Which in the crevice trembling hung,  
 And with imperfect murmurs rung.

In deep suspense, his godship stood;  
 And doubted if the wound was good;  
 Awhile uncertain what to do,  
 To stop, or to repeat the blow.  
 Yet whatsoever cause occur'd,  
 Not long the cruel youth demurr'd;  
 But, rais'd on tip-toe, sneering laugh'd,  
 And strait produc'd another shaft;  
 The shaft he to his bow apply'd,  
 And, in revengeful accent, cry'd—  
 “Tho’ the first shaft my fingers drew  
 With unavailing fury flew;  
 “Let not presumption lead astray  
 Thy heart, apostate, from my sway;  
 “For know, exulting youth, I have  
 “What still shall make thy heart a slave.”

With that he drew his angry bow;  
 His bow discharg'd the missile foe,  
 Besmear'd and dy'd with crimson stain  
 Of many a hapless lover slain.  
 I saw, but saw too late, its course,  
 Nor knew the means to break its force:

Plung'd in my heart, its fury sunk,  
 And all my richest juices drunk;  
 My veins with strange emotions glow'd;  
 My nerves relax'd, and marrow flow'd:

But whither tends the wand'ring strain?  
 Narration should be short and plain.  
 I left her then, it is agreed,  
 And troop'd to PRICE'S \* for my steed ;  
 My steed equipt for march I found;  
 Strong were the girths, the stirrups found :  
 The saddle not amiss, I ween ;  
 (If I remember what I've seen)  
 These things examin'd, nought remain'd  
 But saddle's summit to be gain'd.  
 No sooner I essay'd ascent,  
 Than hostler, on his bus'ness bent,  
 In mercenary manner spell'd,  
 The bridle seiz'd, and stirrup held.  
 Well pleas'd to see the fellow's list,  
 (His brains no doubt of Yorkshire twist)

\* At the Red Lion, on the other side of the street.

Tho' shrewd, not pert; tho' brisk, yet steady;  
 Ev'n small as was my stock of READY,  
 I tipp'd him sixpence for his knowledge:  
 He scrap'd, and wish'd me well to college.

Fix'd in the saddle, I apply'd  
 Arm'd heel to ROSINANTE's side;  
 Impatient of the smart, he winch'd  
 Whene'er the steel-crown'd silver pinch'd,  
 Pranc'd, paw'd, and — at CALCARATION,  
 And plainly shew'd his education.  
 In short, his features and his blood  
 Were both alike, extremely good;  
 Much better than opinion drew,  
 As to abilities and view.

Thus mounted and for march prepar'd,  
 The dawn th' approaching day declar'd;  
 Advis'd me quickly to be gone,  
 Or I should miss of meeting JOHN.

Directed by the sage advice,  
 The poet started in a trice;

Tow'rd's Harbro's domes his course he rein'd, and  
And, as he journey'd, thus complain'd :

Ah! must I go? ill-fated day!  
That call'd me from my love away.  
What! must I leave the matchless fair,  
The constant object of my care;  
Of every muse the tuneful theme;  
Of every swain the pleasing dream?  
Must I no longer now enjoy --  
The sun-shine of her beam-bright eye?  
But, forc'd by cruel fate's decree,  
Abandon the resistless SHE?  
To other eyes and other arms  
Reign that PARADISE of charms,  
For useless LORE of leathern lumber,  
Not form'd to teach us, but incumber?

And is the nymph I leave behind  
The only care that racks my mind?  
From love a kindred flame descends;  
Friendship and love one law attends:  
Nearly ally'd they seem to be;  
Friendship's but love's epitome.

Then



Then can I leave THEE, nor offend  
 The steady passion of a friend?  
 Oh! no: the sad expression, PART,  
 Strikes pain and anguish to my heart:  
 For true as shadows to the sun,  
 With thine my fond affections run:  
 Curse on the racking thought! I shake,  
 The odious, dull exchange to make.  
 What barter friends for tedious scrolls  
 That treat of centres, axes, poles;  
 Shew CIRCLE differs from ELLIPSE,  
 Or how to calculate ECLIPSE;  
 Besides a thousand meagrimms more  
 Of unintelligible lore,  
 Too tedious now to jabber o'er?  
 What! truckle am'rous looks and HOYLE  
 For system-RUTHERFORTH and BOYLE?  
 Not GLAUCUS, that consummate booby,  
 Wou'd think of changing lips of ruby,  
 And many pretty things beside,  
 In friendship and in love enjoy'd,  
 For volumes of laborious knowledge,  
 Contriv'd to puzzle youth at college.

O wou'd but fate reverse her will,  
Then might your friend be happy still !  
Happy ! beyond expression blest !  
Of every hope and wish possess'd !  
For every hope and wish, I find,  
To ROSALIND' and You inclin'd ;  
But fate, whose word ne'er backward flies,  
The fond, the pleasing thought denies,  
Shot like a meteor from the skies.

Adieu, then, all ye dear delights,  
Ye days of ease, and chearful nights !  
In dreary college doom'd to dwell,  
To love and you I bid farewell.

## HORACE. BOOK II. ODE IV.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO MARRIED HIS MAID,

Ne fit ancillæ tibi amor pudori, &amp;c.

**T**H O' charms of servant maid controul  
 The fond affections of your soul,  
 Yet blush not, STREPHON, to proclaim  
 Your passion for the servile dame;  
 For CHIEFS, as antient stories say,  
 Have lov'd, and own'd their captive's swaw.

When AJAX first TECMESSA view'd,  
 At sight the HERO stood subdu'd:  
 Her beauties pierc'd his seven-fold shield,  
 And drove the warrior from the field.

Nor could ACHILLES, arm'd by fate  
 With pride and insolence innate,

Tho' rude and savage as a BEAR,  
 Resist the beauties of the fair:  
 But captiv'd by his CAPTIVE's eyes,  
 His fierceness melts to am'rous sighs,  
 And all his martial fury dies.

What time by stern PELIDES slain,  
 Vast heaps of heroes strow'd the plain;  
 And Troy (her HECTOR now remov'd)  
 To Greece an easier captive prov'd;  
 ATRIDES sicken'd at campaigns,  
 And toils, that swell a soldier's veins:  
 Preferr'd the rap'd CASSANDRA's charms  
 To all the pageantry of arms;  
 And mourn'd, amidst his triumphs mourn'd;  
 The HERO to the LOVER turn'd.

Who knows, now blooming FANNY's thine,  
 What KIN may dignify her line?  
 What parents, whence thy DEAREST came,  
 May aggrandise the husband's name?

Tho' now she mourn the long disgrace,  
 And time-flown honours of her race;

Trust me, from nothing less than kings  
The sweet engaging CREATURE springs.

Think you that such a SHE, my friend,  
Can from the vulgar herd descend?  
What! can a nymph so fond, so true,  
Averse to ev'ry sordid view,  
Whose faithful bosom, uncontroul'd  
By all the flatteries of gold,  
Love's brightest fires alone allows,  
Responsive to thy warmest vows;  
Can such a MATCHLESS MAID, I say,  
Proceed from prostituted clay?

Her snowy arms, angelic face,  
Her taper legs, and — ev'ry grace,  
Warm'd with my theme, I praise, 'tis true,  
But praise with no sinister view.  
Then lay suspicious fears aside,  
Nor idly tremble for your BRIDE:  
Tho' am'rous I, and fair your dear,  
No causes these for jealous fear;  
We're distant far; enjoy the thought,  
And taste the bliss by beauty brought.

H O R A C E.

## HORACE. BOOK III. ODE IX.

T O M I S S \*\*\*\*\*

Donec gratus eram tibi,

Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ,

Cervici juvenis, &amp;c.

## S T R E P H O N.

**W**HILE I could please thee, matchless fair,  
 Nor SYLVIA knew a youth more dear,  
 Whose fond encircling arms were cast  
 In wanton folds around thy waist;  
 Was ever bliss, ye powers divine!  
 So great, so exquisite as mine?

## S Y L V I A.

While you, dear youth, was mine alone,  
 And not a fairer virgin known,  
 Whose brilliant beauties cou'd enslave  
 That heart I once was proud to have,

Then

Then SYLVIA reign'd an envy'd name,  
The MUSE's pride, and life of fame.

## S T R E P H O N.

O'er me now blooming CHLOE reigns,  
The pride of H——d's happy plains,  
Well skill'd to tune the warbling lyre,  
And melting melody inspire:  
For whom I'd freely die, wou'd fate  
Protract, dear maid, thy mortal date.

## S Y L V I A.

FLORELLO now inflames my soul,  
And mutual fires our hearts controul:  
His manly mien and rolling eyes  
I view with languishing surprise:  
For whom two lives, if two were mine,  
I'd give, sweet youth, to purchase thine.

## S T R E P H O N.

But what if love revives anew,  
And each with former passion sue?

If VENUS should our hearts unite  
In chains of mutual fond delight ?  
The blooming CHLOE be remov'd,  
And I again by SYLVIA lov'd ? —

## S Y L V I A.

Tho' he ten thousand charms possess,  
With every grace and beauty blest ;  
Superior to the stars, that roll  
In spangled lustre round the pole ;  
Tho' lighter far than cork your mind,  
Vague and uncertain as the wind ;  
Tho' rougher than the ocean's rage,  
When elemental storms engage ;  
For ever could I (think it true)  
Contented live and die with You.



ON THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.

TO MR. WILLIAM WEBB, OF BEDFORD.

Lucem redde tuæ, Rex bone, patriæ;  
 Instar veris enim, vultus ubi tuus  
 Affulsit populo, gratior it dies  
 Et soles melius nitent.

Longas, ô utinam, Rex bone, ferias  
 Præstes hesperiæ; dicimus integro  
 Sicci manè die; dicimus uvidi  
 Cum sol oceano subest. HOR.

**A** L L hail, auspicious day\*! for ever dear!  
 Esteem'd the happiest in the British year;  
 Calm and serene may every minute flow,  
 And give new blessings to the world below!  
 Bid racking grief its meagre looks resign,  
 Care cease to gnaw, and sorrow to repine.

\* The Author writes as if living at the time when this event happened.

But who can grieve when god-like CHARLES is near,  
 Retain a sorrow, or indulge a tear?  
 From Gallia's shore the gentle breeze prevails,  
 Floats in the canvas, and expands the sails:  
 Propitious NEPTUNE smooths the wat'ry way,  
 Whilst round the vessel sea-green Nereids play;  
 Each striving which shall most officious prove  
 To charm the hero, and engage his love:  
 Uncertain where the highest honour's due;  
 To hoary NEPTUNE, or, great prince, to You.

While thus the royal barge securely rides  
 In peaceful triumph o'er the azure tides,  
 Britannia's sons, in one united band,  
 Crowd the wide beach, and thicken o'er the strand.

As from the teeming hive, with hoarse alarms,  
 Led by their monarch, rush the driving swarms;  
 Thick, and more thick the busy nations rise,  
 And with their numbers intercept the skies;  
 Then gathering to a point, and fixing there,  
 Conglob'd they hang, and, murmuring, stun the ear.

Thus

Thus from all parts the loyal subjects meet;  
 Joy swells their heart, and wings their eager feet.  
 Those whom the gout thro' long-revolving years  
 Confin'd, unhappy pris'ners, to their chairs,  
 Thro' ev'ry limb feel youthful vigour flow,  
 Receive new strength, and with fresh spirits glow:  
 Their crutch neglected, from their seat they spring,  
 Strong as the roe, to view their exil'd king;  
 Eager to see, impatient of delay,  
 Each loit'ring hour they think a tedious day.

Thus the fond lover, when the fair proves kind,  
 Waits with impatience for the hour assign'd;  
 And, big with hope, which ev'ry thought employs,  
 Expects the period of his promis'd joys;  
 With feet of lead the moments seem to move,  
 Severely chided by impetuous love.

But now the scene, which busy fancy drew,  
 In full proportion opens on their view;  
 With proper colours every object glows,  
 And life still heightens what from fancy rose.

For lo! from far, slow-rising as by scale \*,  
 Still more and more appears the whit'ning sail.  
 And hark ! or is't delusion mocks the ear ?  
 The loud-mouth'd cannons speak the monarch near.

The crowd, transported, catch the welcome sound,  
 And loud huzzas reverb'rate all around ;  
 The craggy rocks with acclamations roar,  
 And shouts redoubled shake the lab'ring shore.

Safe on the strand arrives the royal youth,  
 Smiles at his fate, and scarce can think it truth.  
 Free of access, and affable of speech,  
 Unnumber'd blessings waft him o'er the beach ;  
 Whilst on his looks the crowd attentive dwell,  
 And curs'd th' audacious soul that dar'd rebel.  
 Fell faction saw ; and, seeing, gaz'd away  
 All wild pretensions to unlawful sway ;  
 Struck with his mien, she wing'd her hasty flight  
 To realms of darkness and eternal night,

\* The gradual appearance of a ship at a distance rising to sight, as it were inch by inch, is used as an argument to evince the globe of the earth.

Where

Where in a noisome, melancholy cell,  
Fast bound in chains, heav'n bad the monster dwell.

How chang'd the scene from that when discord rag'd,  
And sons with fires in hostile wrath engag'd!  
When brothers leagu'd against their brothers stood,  
And deeply thirsted for each other's blood.

Where furious MARS, of late, in thundering car,  
Impetuous drove the dreadful storms of war;  
See! blooming plenty crowns th' ensanguin'd fields,  
And joyful hopes of future harvests yields.  
Restor'd in STUART, see! the MUSE repairs  
Her shatter'd shrines, and tunes celestial airs;  
With notes of triumph swells th' enchanting lays,  
As gay as erst in LEO's golden days.  
Hark! the fond swain, where late the bastion rose,  
To ROSALINDA pours his warmest vows;  
And sweetly warbling in harmonious strains,  
Bids peace thrice welcome to his harrafs'd plains.

See! WIT, long banish'd Albion's hostile shore,  
Recruits her bankrupt state with foreign lore;

Brisk COMMERCE smiles along the busy streets;  
 In ev'ry face a patron SCIENCE meets.  
 With native charms reviving TRUTH prevails,  
 And nodding JUSTICE trims anew her scales.

Far hence be banish'd then to distant parts;  
 Demure HYPOCRISY, with all thy arts;  
 Hence fell ENTHUSIASM's madd'ning powers,  
 No more to harraß Albion's peaceful shores;  
 On plund'ring Tartars pour thy hell-born rage,  
 And bid whole clans in civil strife engage;  
 Inspir'd by thee, let savage Indians rise  
 In impious war; break nature's strongest ties;  
 Work'd up to frezy, butcher wife or fire,  
 And wrap whole towns and villages in fire!  
 There flourish long! while, safe from all thy wiles,  
 Blest in a STUART's reign, Britannia smiles:  
 With joy looks back on all her troubles past;  
 When doom'd the sport of fortune's ruder blast:  
 And, moor'd in port from danger free, defies  
 Loud-roaring billows and tempestuous skies.

## I N G R A T I T D E.

T O A N A T T O R N E Y.

Lupis &amp; agnis quanta sortito obtigit

Tecum mihi discordia est,

Ibericis peruste funibus latus

Et crura durâ compede :

Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ,

Fortuna non mutat GENUS. HOR.

## I.

**Y** E S, yes, 'tis thy peculiar knack  
 To THIEVE, and be admir'd :  
 But pr'ythe tell me, lucky JACK,  
 Is't natural, or acquir'd ?

## II.

Whatever be the client's case,  
 'Tis your advice " PROCEED ;  
 " FORE GOD ! the action must take place,  
 " And costs, too, be decreed."

## IV.

## III. The

## III.

The squire complains of rents ill paid,

And stipulations broke :

“ The man’s a sot, his wife a jade :

“ Indulgence! — all a joke.”

## IV.

Scarce said ; DISTRESS is issu’d forth,

And strait a SEIZURE made ;

Th’ effects are sold for half their worth,

And ’SQUIRE and LAWYER paid.

## V.

Cries MORTGAGEE, in leering tone,

“ My money, Sir, I want.”

Ejectment’s serv’d, and suit begun ;

No previous notice sent.

## VI.

For kind PATERNAL favours shown,

Is this rude fate decreed ?

No umbrage given, no quarrel known,

Is this fair friendship’s meed ?

VII. When



## VII.

When first the supple stranger came,

Unknowing, and unknown;

Who, glowing with a parent's flame,

From darkness drew the drone?

## VIII.

When, NAKED and without a friend,

Who lent the welcome SUIT?

Deep to thy inmost heart descend,

And if thou can'st, "be mute."

## IX.

When HUNGRY, and with want oppress'd,

The welcome MEAL who brought?

With burning THIRST when sore distress'd,

Who gave the cooling DRAUGHT?

## X.

Go, wretch, indulge thy selfish views,

Forgetting, and FORGOT:

Soon in oblivion's shades reclus'd

Thy name shall stink and rot.

## ANACREON. ODE XXXVI.

**B**USY RHETOR, hence away;  
 Dictate not to me, I pray!  
 What care I for all your rules?  
 Love and BACCHUS hate the schools.  
 Teach me not, then, what to say;  
 Teach ANACREON to be gay:  
 Teach me not, then, how to think;  
 Teach ANACREON how to drink.  
 See! the envious hand of time  
 Robs ANACREON of his prime!  
 See what wrinkles knit my brow!  
 See the silver tresses flow!  
 Cease then; cease your pedant strain,  
 Fit for philosophic brain.

Since, my friends, I'm growing grey,  
 I'll be merry whilst I may;  
 Drink and revel it away.  
 Quickly, boy — nay faster pour;  
 Death, perhaps, is at the door:  
 Quick, then — lest I drink no more.

## HORACE. BOOK I. ODE XI.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY CULLEN.

CONSULT no astrologic quack  
 To know the number of your years,  
 Nor your deluded fancy wrack  
 With short-liv'd hopes and idle fears.  
 He's happier far, whose will agrees  
 With fortune's, whatsoe'er it be;  
 Can die to-day, if fortune please,  
 Or plod thro' dull mortality;  
 With eager haste then seize to day,  
 Nor once reflect on future sorrow:  
 Ev'n while we talk time posts away,  
 And warns us not to trust to-morrow.

## THE DISCARDED COLONEL:

## A CHARACTER.

—— Magni Dux FÆMINA facti. VIR.

**T**H E silver Ouse, e'er jealous of his fame,  
 Disclaims thy birth, and blushes at that name :  
 Which arts and arms with equal honour blest,  
 From birth a SCHOLAR, as a CHIEF from dress.  
 In female wars, perhaps, a MAN of FAME ;  
 On Minden's plains a vile plebeian name ;  
 Of powder fond, but powder — without smoke,  
 The FRIBBLE's glory, as the SOLDIER's joak.  
 Who, safe beneath a canopy of paste,  
 Makes war on sense, lays understanding waste :  
 Blasted like fruit, by whose unclassic breath,  
 VIRGIL and HORACE find a barb'rous death :  
 While number, gender, case discordant jar,  
 Led forth by ignorance to unnatural war :  
 Mood, tense, and person, with fraternal hate,  
 Continual clashing, shake old PRISCIAN's state.

Ev'n alphabet (so gaunt his Gothic rage)  
Fears dissolution to its little page.

Starting from band-box, see! the DUBIOUS MAN,  
For woman meant on nature's early plan,  
But by the midwife's lewd, officious care.  
With a SMALL POINT distinguish'd from the fair;  
Big with himself, 'midst fumes of tea exists,  
Like darkling objects magnified by mists;  
Mean, tho' high bred; tho' raving, yet not fear'd;  
Affecting JOVE, but — JOVE without a beard.

Absurdly great, ridiculously vain;  
For gleaming sword he wields the ribbon'd cane:  
That SWORD — whose mild pacific blade ne'er knew  
The blush of gore, but what from Puss\* it drew;

\* I have often wondered at the caprice and partiality of fortune, and am well convinced that poets, with great justice, observe she is blind: For some, who have deserved but little at her hands, enjoy all the fame, opulence, and popularity that vanity, avarice or ambition can wish; while others, who have done more than either Cæsar or Alexander, starve in obscurity, and have nothing but the reflections of DUTY and HONOUR to support them under  
a national

Ill-fated Puss! to infamy betray'd,  
Doom'd the sole victim of his maiden blade.

a national disregard: Such is the fate of our colonel, whose magnanimity in attacking a furious, wild, mad cat, would have immortalized any man's memory but his, with a degree of celebrity beyond Hercules himself: Especially if it be considered that THIS MORE-THAN-HYDRA had nine lives; which, if not happily extinguished by the skill and address of the assailant at one thrust, would, according to classical doctrine, have been multiplied by nine; and that the engagement happened in a close room, whence all possibility of escape was prevented by a servant's LOCKING THE DOOR. But, though victory declared in his favour, yet this memorable event has reached no farther than his own family, unnoticed, unrewarded, to the great disgrace of military discipline, and ministerial partiality.

## A S I M I L E \*

Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis. VIR.

**T**ELL me, dear friend, in that odd weather,  
 When sun and showers descend together,  
 A PEACOCK didst thou ne'er behold,  
 Expand his circling sphere of gold,  
 Proud of his plumage, turn aside  
 And shew you all his painted pride?  
 Pleas'd with his train, the foolish creature  
 Struts like a lord, and looks ev'n greater.  
 Around him stand the wond'ring swains,  
 And praise him in exalted strains.  
 But strange reverse! when he essays  
 To sing, he forfeits all their praise:  
 Who, shock'd with dissonance of his cord,  
 Think beauty can't atone for discord.

\* As there is a strong resemblance of character between this and the foregoing poem, the reader may, without hesitation, conclude, that one and the same person is meant in both.

SCRIB.

Thus

Thus have I seen on summer's day,  
All-various as the prismatic ray,  
Tracing the Mall to shew his cloaths,  
And AIR himself 'mongst brother beaux,  
Some smart I meet, and hope to find  
The most complete of human kind :  
But when, at last, deep silence breaks,  
And the unmeaning coxcomb speaks ;  
When volleys of impertinence  
Fly forth, with not one word of sense ;  
At length I find this thing of taste  
Is mere pomatum, powder, paste.

TO



TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY CULLEN,  
PLAYING ON THE GUITTAR,  
AND SINGING TO IT.

—Spirat adhuc amor,  
Vivuntque commissi calores  
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Breathing love and soft desires,  
SAPPHO still each breast inspires.                      HOR.

OF T have we been by poets told,  
That GODS would leave their skies of old ;  
Bless INDUSTRY with rosy health,  
To hospitality give wealth ;  
Guarding the flocks of faithful swains  
From burning suns and beating rains ;  
In whose kind providence secure,  
On lofty hill, or lowly moor,  
Where no malignant plants were found  
To arm the snake with keener wound,

Nor PESTILENCE, with baneful breath,  
 Tainted the atmosphere with death;  
 At large they rov'd, and (such heav'n's plan)  
 Gave food and raiment unto man.

Tho' sceptic once to poet's tales,  
 Yet truth, at length, o'er doubt prevails;  
 Either the Gods themselves are here,  
 Or in their blest effects appear.

Where'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
 Enchanting scenes of vision rise,  
 As gay as erst in golden times  
 When nature blest'd alike all climes.

See! how the beauteous blushing Rose,  
 In vernal pride, unrival'd glows!  
 And flow'rs spontaneously dispense  
 Unwonted fragrance to the sense;  
 While round the elm, in wanton rings,  
 Th' uxorious woodbine fondly clings;  
 Expressive of the nuptial bliss,  
 When true love prompts the mutual kiss.

But hark ! what Music charms the ears !  
 Sure tis the Music of the spheres:  
 And all that poets sung of yore  
 Appears as fable now no more.

No longer then, great ORPHEUS, claim  
 The most distinguish'd meed of fame,  
 ORPHEUS—whose melody cou'd bind  
 The rapid stream, and rushing wind;  
 Lead listening FORESTS o'er the PLAINS,  
 And sooth ev'n HELL, and all its PAINS.

Nor thou, AMPHION, long renown'd  
 For marvellous extent of sound,  
 Whose tuneful strains taught rocks to dance,  
 And into lofty walls advance,  
 Too highly partial to thy own,  
 Conclude, “ No greater merit known:”  
 Enjoy the fame to music due,  
 And grant it long enjoy'd by you;  
 But tho' enjoy'd by You so long,  
 Grant it excell'd in CULLEN's song.

Transform'd by HER, the desert yields  
 Luxuriant meads and fruitful fields;  
 Nor less improve the barren rocks,  
 Adorn'd with novel herds and flocks:  
 While from the teeming quarry burst  
 New springs to cool impatient THIRST.

See INFANCY, its little heart,  
 Quick beating to the turns of art,  
 ('Tis all it can) with eager eyes,  
 In raptures rolling, speak surprize!

Enervate AGE, in whose chill veins  
 The blood its languid course maintains,  
 Tir'd of the world and all its charms,  
 Feels in his bosom fresh alarms;  
 And as th' harmonious numbers roll,  
 New tides of transport swell his soul.

Stout LABOUR, early bred to work,  
 Leans, motionless, upon his fork;  
 And, over-rul'd by Music's pow'r,  
 Steals from necessity an hour.

Keen bustling COMMERCE, too, agrees,  
How great thy talents are to please;  
Who, lull'd to rest life's busy cares,  
Attends with all his eyes and ears.

Ev'n AVARICE, all over rags,  
His foul long wedded to his bags,  
In nature's spite, forgets his pelf,  
And seems ANOTHER TO HIMSELF.

The FISH, that cleave the purling rill,  
The CATTLE on the sloping hill,  
With extacy transported stand,  
By the soft magic of thy hand.

Sweet PHILOMEL, whose plaintive throat  
Melodious pour'd the melting note,  
No more in elegiac lays,  
Domestic ills to sooth essays;  
Finding in thy harmonious flow,  
A sovereign antidote for woe.

Here, then, in this Elysium blest'd,  
Beyond what language e'er express'd;

Besides

Besides a softly murmuring stream;  
 Defended from the solar beam;  
 Where, tun'd to mirth and soft desire,  
 Enchanting CULLEN sweeps the wire;  
 Here let me live, ye Gods! and die,  
 "Nor envy mighty Jove his sky!"

# HORACE. BOOK I. ODE XXIX.

TO THE REV. MR. A—NGT—N,

LATE A LIEUTENANT IN BURGOYNE'S  
 LIGHT HORSE.

Icci beatis hunc arabum invades  
 Gazis & acrem militiam paras,  
 Non antè devictis sabæ,  
 Regibus, &c.

**C**AN A—NGT—N, with envious eyes,  
 Behold the soldier's laurels rise?  
 And burn with more than mortal might,  
 To rush into the thickest fight?

Thro'

Thro' FRANCE extend the martial toils, and bid to yield ev'n strong Belleisle?  
 And next triumphantly engage,  
 And bind in chains the Spaniard's rage?

How will the fair, their lovers slain,  
 Curse thy KEEN SWORD, and wish in vain,  
 CRAPE and PRUNELLA still had prov'd  
 Types of that function you ne'er lov'd?

Well skill'd from his paternal bow,  
 To drive the arrow at the foe;  
 What captive youth, by thy command,  
 The goblet round the table hand?

Who can deny but streams, in time, may climb,  
 PLIMLIMMON's lofty sides may climb,  
 Or cataracts suspend their course,  
 Or Thames roll upwards to his source?  
 Since You, averse to all the arts,  
 Which priestly pedantry imparts;  
 In mysteries and visions read,  
 Have all our fondest hopes betray'd;

And

And books, by good ARCHBISHOPS wrote,  
 And all that serious LAYMEN taught,  
 (Insipid grown RELIGION's charms)  
 Too rashly fold, to purchase arms?

A B U R L E S Q U E E L E G Y  
 ON THE DEATH OF A GREY MARE;  
 TO MISS MOLLY GAMBLE,  
 OF WILLOUGHBY, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Quis desiderio fit pudor aut modus  
 Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres  
 Cantus, Melpomene, &c. HOR.

**I**F e'er, beneath the breezy shade  
 In careless ease supinely laid  
 With thee, MY LYRE, I've play'd away  
 The various cares which haunt the day;  
 If e'er thy favours I have try'd,  
 Be not those favours now deny'd:

When



When BEAUTY calls, what lyric muse couldmost deny  
 The tuneful tribute, can refuse? To sing his love and  
 Tho' solemn sad the toilsome task, and should be strange  
 Who can deny if GAMBLE ask? Who would not all adore  
 From mirth to grief, then, change the strain, and  
 And teach the numbers to complain, and  
 Teach my all classic tongue to flow that far or  
 In sweet ALLITERATIVE woe. O'er the lone  
 Lodg'd in an unfrequented place,  
 Long stranger to the human face;  
 Where nought was heard, save echo's howl,  
 Which cries to whoot and mocks the owl;  
 Where nought was seen but meagre ghost,  
 Shooting across the dreary coast:  
 Or the bleach'd bones of bodies slain  
 In RICHARD'S\* or in CROMWELL'S reign  
 Young ACADEMUS all alone,  
 In moping melancholy moan,  
 Indulg'd his grief's harmonious flow,  
 While numbers sooth'd and prompted woe.

“Must we, ah! must the dearest part?”  
 Deeply the loss afflicts my heart:

\* Richard III. slain at Market-Bosworth in Leicestershire.

Each trembling is lax with pain,  
 And dull the pulse of every vein;  
 Stagnate almost the vital juice  
 Forgets its former course and use;  
 The lab'ring lungs, their bellows broke,  
 Return the breath with feeble stroke:  
 Mists TO BE FELT around me rise,  
 And atoms dance before my eyes.

Oh! say, what magic, what relief  
 Can raise me from this gulph of grief?  
 Tell me, Can medicine e'er be found  
 To cure the mind's impatient wound?  
 To mitigate the pangs I bear,  
 And bring me back my fav'rite mare?  
 Where were ye then, ye LEACHES sage,  
 Ye horse-machaons of the age;  
 When jockey'd by the speed of death,  
 GREY broke her wind, and slip'd her breath?

Rather to madmen reason preach,  
 To horses Greek and Hebrew teach;  
 Talk sense to fools, to widows love,  
 To fots, of heaven and joys above;

Bid debauches forget to whore,  
 And spend-thrifts be profuse no more;  
 Bid contrarieties agree,  
 And nature act as you decree;  
 Than hope to find my raging grief  
 Will deign admission of relief.

Tho' all, 'tis true, 'or soon or late,  
 Must some time yield to mighty fate,  
 And tread the gloomy realms of night,  
 As PLATO, and his followers write;  
 Thro' strive and struggle all we can,  
 Death beats the horse and throws the man;  
 Could not thy charms, my fav'rite GREY,  
 Bribe the possession of a day;  
 A while retard the cruel dart,  
 Or turn its fury from thy heart?

Erst bounteous Jove, as fable shows,  
 Wou'd listen e'en to mortal vows;  
 When one, by nature apt to fall in  
 That kind of love call'd CATERWAULING,  
 To taste the joys of social life,  
 Begg'd that his cat might be his wife:

Nor begg'd in vain; Jove heard his pray'r,  
 And pufs became a lady fair.  
 Whence some, tho' th' inference be rude,  
 That they've been cats e'er since, conclude:  
 Alas! my thoughts could ne'er aspire  
 To such intemperate desire;  
 I only pray'd relentless fate,  
 To grant poor GREY a longer date;  
 Jove would not hear the rider's pray'r,  
 While death rode post, and took my mare.

Since rigid fate then shuts its ears,  
 On all the pleas my heart prefers;  
 Since ev'ry vow I made is void,  
 And not a single hope enjoy'd;  
 O, Jove! permit me to lament,  
 And give my lab'ring sorrow vent;  
 Pull up the intervening sluice,  
 And let the struggling deluge loose.

Curs'd be the day, and curs'd the hour,  
 When GREY resign'd to PLUTO's pow'r;  
 For ever blotted from the year,  
 Let not its name or place appear;

Let

Let it from almanacs be croft,  
 And with th' eleven days be loft :  
 Let rising clouds drink up its light,  
 And lay it level with the night :  
 Let rattling showers and tempests rise,  
 And storms envelop all the skies :  
 In noisy peals, from pole to pole,  
 Let the tremendous thunder roll :  
 Let peace from every bosom fly ;  
 The jovial weep, the merry sigh :  
 Let mourning blacken all below,  
 And nature wear the garb of woe ;  
 Since GREY, sad fated fav'rite, dy'd,  
 And I have got no mare to ride.

No more, ye trees, your verdure wear ;  
 No more, ye flow'rs adorn the year ;  
 No more, thou daisied herbage, spread  
 Enamell'd beauty o'er the mead :  
 Since she, for whom ye trees were seen  
 Cloath'd in variety of green ;  
 For whom ye flow'rs of various dye  
 Refresh'd the smell and charm'd the eye ;

Since

Since she no more for whom ye grew,  
Trees, flowers, and herbage, lives for you.

No more, ye feather'd warblers sing,  
And hail as erst th' approach of spring;  
Since she, whose charms inspir'd your lays,  
Is dead, nor hears your tuneful praise.

No more, ye wanton fillies, play,  
And frisk it o'er the fields away;  
Since she, for whose delight you play'd,  
Is nothing now but empty shade.

Ye faithful beagles, too, who trace  
The doubling hare thro' ev'ry maze,  
Vain shall yon copse or thicket try,  
No hound shall ope, no scent shall lie,  
Since death has seiz'd the fav'rite mare,  
For whose delight you chas'd the hare.

Ye brighest DAUGHTERS of the floods;  
Ye fair INHABITANTS of woods,  
Who fondly haunt the chrystal stream,  
Or shun in groves the solar beam;

Thou

Thou sacred Genius of the fountain,  
 Brisk buxom GUARDIAN of the mountain;  
 Ye matchless BELLES of Albion's isle,  
 Who SWEETLY sing, or SOFTLY smile;  
 Who lov'd to see the winding chace,  
 Or fleeter pleasures of the race,  
 To flow'ry garlands bid adieu,  
 And wear the cypress and the yew.

But W——G——HS more than all,  
 Lament her sad untimely fall;  
 For GREY deceas'd, the road and field,  
 Nor use, as late, nor pleasure yield.

## POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER. D. O. M.

**F**ATHER of all! in every age,  
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,  
 By faint, by savage, and by sage,  
 JEHOVAH, JOVE, or LORD!

Thou great first cause, least understood;  
 Who all my sense confin'd,  
 To know but THEE, that thou art good,  
 And that myself am blind:

## III.

Yet give me, in this dark estate,  
 To see the good from ill:  
 And, binding nature fast in fate,  
 Left free the human will.

## IV. What



## ORATIO UNIVERSALIS POPIANA. D. O. M.

**O** Audi! cunctarum audi Pater optime rerum  
 Quem colit omne ævum, quem colit omne  
 solum;

Quem sophus & sanctus, quem barbarus ipse fatetur,  
 Quocunque utatur nomine quisque colens.

## II.

O minùs intellecta, O prima & maxima causa!  
 De cujus tantum hoc numine scire licet,  
 “ Te justis totum moderari legibus orbem,  
 “ Dum cæcant oculos nubila densa meos:”

## III.

Res tamen has inter dubias, Pater alme, dedisti  
 Distinguentem animum quæ bona, quæve mala.  
 Hinc dum perpetuo fato natura tenetur,  
 Humanum arbitrium vincula nulla tenent.

## M O D E R N I S M . IV .

What conscience \* dictates to be done,

Or warns me not to do ;

THIS teach me more than Hell to shun,

THAT more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,

Let me not cast away : II

For God is paid when man receives ;

T' enjoy is to obey.

## VI.

Yet not to earth's contracted span

Thy goodness let me bound,

Or think thee Lord alone of man,

When thousand worlds are round.

\* Conscience is elsewhere called "The God within the mind."

VII. Let

## IV.

Continuò versans imò sub pectore numen,  
 Quæ facienda, Deus, quæ fugienda monet,  
 Te monstrante, precor, vitem hæc, ut TARTARA vitem,  
 Atque modo COELOS quo sequor, ista sequar.

## V.

Quæ mihi præbuerit largo tua copia cœlo  
 Ne mea dilapidet fastidiosa manus.  
 Solvitur ipse Deus, cum munera ritè recepta ;  
 Si parere velis discere, discere frui.

## VI.

Nulla sit ausa tamen contractæ parvula terræ  
 Summa sibi solum Te reputare bonum.  
 Tantùm homini regem timeam Te dicere, quando  
 Regna alibi agnoscunt millia mille Deum.

## VII.

Let not this weak unerring hand

Prefume thy bolts to throw,

And deal damnation round the land,

On each I judge thy foe.

## VIII.

If I am right, thy grace impart

Still in the right to stay.

If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart

To find that better way.

## IX.

Save me alike from foolish pride,

And impious discontent

At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,

Or aught thy goodness lent.

## X.

Teach me to feel another's woe,

To hide the fault I see;

That mercy I to others show,

That mercy show to me.

## XI. Mean

## VII.

Fulmina ne vibret sine viribus infcia dextra  
 Divinâ solùm conjiciendâ manu :  
 Neu temerè exitium per terras dividat in Tera  
 (Judice me cæco) si quare bellis erit.

## VIII.

Si mea firmârim vestigia tramite recto,  
 Ne referam faciles lubricus inde pedes :  
 Si tamen incepti peregrinò incedere cursu,  
 O tua tum melius gratia signet iter.

## IX.

Ne sufflet tumidam malefana superbia mentem  
 Cum dederis largâ plurimâ dona manu ;  
 Quas tua, quas melius sapientia sacra negavit  
 Ne cupiam vanas — irrequietus opes.

## X.

Meque hominem doceas hominum sentire dolores,  
 Et sit, cum pateat menda, tacere meum.  
 Utque ipse alterius didici mitescere culpis,  
 Haud aliter venias mitis & ipse mihi.

## XI.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,  
Since quicken'd by thy breath;  
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Thro' this day's life and death.

## XII.

This day be bread and peace my lot;  
All else beneath the sun  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
And let thy will be done.

## XIII.

To thee, whose temple is all space!  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!  
One chorus let all beings raise!  
All nature incense rise!

## XI.

Sim licet ex vili terrâ non deprimor exspes,  
Dum tuus hanc animam spiritus intus alit.

Quâcunque ingredior custos fidissimus adsis,  
Sive hodiè jubeas vivere, sive mori.

## XII.

Adveniat cum pane dies, cum pace recedat

Quas alias patulus continet orbis opes,

Tu scis donatæ an meliùs, meliùsve negatæ:

Sintque voluntati consona cuncta tuæ.

## XIII.

Cui spatii immensum pro templo panditur æquor,

Cui formant aram sydera, terra, mare:

Omne animans concentum unum tibi tollere pergat,

Et natura suo thus cremet omnè Deo.

## C A R N I F E X:

## OR, THE EXECUTIONER'S SPEECH.

——— Quid non mortalia pectora cogis

AURI sacra fames ———? VIR.

**L**ONG this METROPOLIS, it seems,  
 Has been amus'd with trifler's schemes;  
 Dup'd by each vain pretender's art;  
 ROCK, EVANS, SAVIGNY, and HART;  
 Pester'd with QUACKS, and such like cattle,  
 Whose chiefest talent is their rattle;  
 Who entertain the gaping crowd  
 By talking much, and talking loud;  
 Pompous advertisements affect,  
 And trade in every dialect;  
 Hard words and epithets they use,  
 With which they common sense abuse;  
 Sometimes a narrow slip of Latin  
 Occurs, like flannel tack'd to fatten;  
 Sometimes in Greek is told their calling,  
 As if they were the sons of GALEN;

And



And oft the Oriental brogue  
 Comes in by way of epilogue;  
 Varied and patch'd their mungrel phrase,  
 Like ANDREW'S garb on market days;  
 Tho' one from t'other, it is found,  
 The vulgar can't discern by sound?  
 Nor, if to numbers truth belong,  
 Cou'd DOCTOR'S eye inform his tongue.  
 I grant it true, that parrots can  
 Articulate some sounds like man;  
 But then we know the parrot's note  
 Is nothing more than sound by rote,  
 Nor be this observation lost;  
 "That empty vessels sound the most."  
 What though they swell in fustian strain,  
 Can rant relieve the patient's pain?  
 Can sound o'er stubborn ills prevail,  
 Or grand expressions cure the ail?  
 Can ostentation change the case,  
 Or colours charm away disease?  
 What boots the pill its golden hue?  
 What is its shining garb to you?  
 What tho' the phial's sense be told  
 In a rich alphabet of gold?

Tho' a large CAPITAL explains  
 The virtue every drawer contains,  
 Yet what avails it? Physic's merit  
 Lies not in LETTER, but in SPIRIT;  
 What are their bolusses and fops,  
 Elect'aries and pect'ral drops?  
 Decoctions, potions, powders, salves  
 Fam'd for effecting—cures by halves?  
 Elixirs, balsams, ointments, oils,  
 Of every ail the boasted foils?  
 Besides a thousand more renown'd  
 In phrase, and dignify'd by sound?  
 Swell'd into fame by trope and figure,  
 As bladders blown become but bigger.

But if (however hard it prove,  
 Old prejudices to remove;  
 To lay long prepossessions by,  
 And judge with an impartial eye)  
 For once in earnest you'll attend  
 The dictates of a faithful friend—  
 A FRIEND, whose wishes are inclin'd  
 To serve the good of all mankind!

Whose honest offices are meant  
 To furnish peace and eke content,  
 Suppress rebellion, rapine, riot,  
 And all that threatens public quiet;  
 If you dislike the strains I sing,  
 May I without CLERK's blessing swing.

Then trust me, PHYSIC's a pretence  
 To cheat and chouse you of your pence,  
 And talk you out of breath and sense;  
 An art, by some penurious rogue  
 Contriv'd, and worded into vogue,  
 Observe yon PRIG, with stiff grimace,  
 Important air, and fainted face;  
 Slow and majestic of parade,  
 The solemn sanction of his trade;  
 With bum-brush wig, and clouded cane;  
 He talks away, and cramps his brain  
 For words, his nonsense to explain.  
 I know 'em from their first beginnings,  
 From ESCULAPIUS down to J—NN—NGS;  
 A vain, fantastic pack of fellows,  
 Who puff and swell like blacksmith's bellows.

HIPPOCRATES—pray what was HE,  
Mention'd so oft in history?  
The youth, 'tis true, was vers'd in phyfic,  
And knew, perhaps, to cure the phthific;  
Could bleed, draw teeth, and cut a corn,  
Take off a wen or cuckold's horn;  
Which as it was a reigning trouble,  
And incommoded many a noble,  
An Eastern prince, as story goes,  
Offer'd to find him food and cloaths,  
Besides some pence for private use,  
If he would remedy th' abuse:  
At which the wight, in angry cue,  
Turn'd on his heel, and bid adieu!

Then trust no more the pent-house wig,  
The faintish air, and countenance big;  
But hither croud around my stage,  
Where cures are wrought for every age;  
Whatever be the ills that press,  
My med'cine's certain to redress;  
More certain (and it more may be)  
Than ROME's infallibility.

Nor be afraid, good folk, that We  
Shall wrangle long about the fee;  
As to my NOSTRUM, small's its price,  
And cheaper still you'll find advice;  
Tho' small the pittance which I ask,  
Yet think me equal to the task.  
Know I am servant to the king,  
Great profits from whose bounty spring;  
Whose kind indulgence makes my cures  
So moderate to you and yours.

Tho' all the Pow'r of fight's decay'd,  
And the whole body wrapt in shade,  
'Tis mine to bid the perish'd eye  
The sweet return of light enjoy;  
Or if the auditory nerve,  
By sad mischance, from duty swerve,  
My art can regulate the ear,  
And teach th' astonish'd deaf to hear:

Shou'd gold, that jaundice of the soul,  
The sickly appetite controul;  
Persuade loose youth to lift a shop,  
Or the benighted trav'ler stop;

Let him apply to me in time,  
 And I'll absolve the daring crime.  
 Or should ambition e'er prevail  
 With able statesmen to rebel,  
 And they in their attempts should fail,  
 One single dose of my fam'd steel  
 Will set them right, and make 'em feel,  
 As light and nimble as an eel.

Whether the mind be worm'd with care,  
 Or deeply delug'd with despair;  
 Whether brisk choler swells the heart,  
 Or malice lifts her poison'd dart;  
 'Tis I that know the surest means  
 To rid the patient of his pains;  
 Or if the moon's mysterious pow'r,  
 When her whole orb is silver'd o'er,  
 Disturb the brain at midnight hour;  
 With brutal rage the sun inspire  
 Against the peace of wife or fire;  
 Or beaming bright thro' heav'n's profound,  
 With all the lesser stars around,

Invite the yielding nymph to prove  
 On rosy bank, in silent grove,  
 The pleasures of forbidden love,  
 And she, fore dreading the dishonour  
 And scorn that soon must light upon her,  
 No hope indulg'd; no peace enjoy'd;  
 Affection giving place to pride,  
 The mother and the maid at strife,  
 Deprives her new-born babe of life;  
 Or whene'er VENUS, from her sphere  
 Descending, breathes our lower air,  
 And prompts the am'rous youths to buy  
 The transports of an harlot's eye;  
 Who, pox'd by love, and fir'd with pride,  
 To get her wild demands supply'd,  
 At inn or tavern, where he dines,  
 A tankard or a spoon purloins;  
 These sad effects of their embrace  
 I cure, and ev'ry other case;  
 O'er the long catalogue of ills  
 My grand SPECIFIC HEMP prevails.

Shou'd you distrust the cures I've wrought,  
 Be disbelief by history taught;

Each page, each column can impart  
 Some signal instance of my ART;  
 And thousands, long remov'd from day,  
 Will rise and witness what I say.

Rise, then, ye shadowy forms! and tell  
 How much I've practis'd, and how well;  
 TURPIN and WILD, ye fav'rite ghosts!  
 Names famous in the British coasts,  
 Rise, leave your iron seats; relate  
 What services I've done the state;  
 Rise LOVAT, BALMERINO too,  
 And tell the good I've done on you;  
 And thou, MACLEAN, the virgin's pride,  
 The widow's fav'rite, joy of bride,  
 Spring like thy genius from the urn,  
 And swift as rays of light return,  
 In public here attest the truth;  
 Then seek the shades again, brave youth.  
 And thou, too, blest thy doctor's eyes  
 Whom WHITEFIELD saw from gallows rise,  
 To take possession of the skies;  
 The second thief upon record  
 Lodg'd in the bosom of his Lord.

And



And seek ye more than their report?  
 My character is this, in short: O H R O A N A  
 I'm public spirited, pursue  
 And hold the common good in view;  
 Am free, and of a generous mind,  
 To neither party more inclin'd; revised Y H T W  
 Indiff'rent whether WILKES or BUTE should  
 Be uppermost in the dispute; most an impartial  
 Above all mean sinister arts; and I do not  
 To cheat your eyes, mislead your hearts;  
 And stranger to the courtier's ways,  
 No ill-got fortune wish to raise;  
 But happy in a low estate; for more is given 'od  
 Am proud to do the will of fate; for I stand to  
 Tho' proud, yet firm, impartial, just; I stand to  
 True to my principles and trust; and I will stand  
 For ever ready to attend,  
 At the least notice, on a friend;  
 At TYBURN or TOW'R-HILL you may  
 Expect to find me every day.  
 Most states and kingdoms know my name,—  
 JACK KETCH, a man of deathless fame.

## ANACREON: ODE XXXIV.

**W**H Y shiver, nymph, when you behold  
 These silver hairs upon my brow?  
 The sprouting corn from chilling cold  
 Is oft preserv'd by winter snow.  
 Tho' ruddy as the morn you are,  
 Or damask rose, you may be mine;  
 That garland is esteem'd most fair  
 Where lilies round the rose entwine.

G E M E L.

## GEMELLUS AND MARONILLA.

TO THE REV. MR. L——T.

**T**HE brawny priest SENILIA fain wou'd wed,  
 And fondly strives to coax her to his bed.  
 Is she so handsome? No: she's plain enough;  
 But old and rich, and has a short-liv'd cough.

TO —. FROM MARTIAL.

**I**N these rude lines some may, perhaps, delight,  
 While you and others criticise thro' spight;  
 It matters not—the dishes in a feast  
 Are not for cooks, but meant to please each guest.

Of broken vows and fickle gods complaining,  
 How oft alas! shall he, in wild amance,  
 The roughing waves of the late placid main?

HORACE;

## H O R A C E. M O D E V. 2 B O O K I. 10

T O T H E M R S. T. — T.

**B**Y what smart beau, with liquid nard bedew'd,  
 In beds of roses, in a cool alcove,  
 Art thou, incomparable PYRRA, woo'd,  
 In all the wild extravagance of love?

## II.

T O T H E M R S. T. — T.

For whom in wanton ringlets dost thou tie  
 The shining mazes of thy golden hair,  
 Form'd to engage each fond beholder's eye,  
 In unaffected delicacy fair?  
 Are not thy cooks, but want to please each guest.

## III.

How oft, alas! shall he, in wild amaze,  
 Of broken vows and fickle gods complain,  
 And stand aghast when sudden winds shall raise  
 The rough'ning waves of the late placid main?

## IV. Who



## SCORPUS' EPITAPH.

FROM MARTIAL.

**L** O here I lie, snatch'd hence by busy death,  
 By mere mistake who robb'd me of my breath;  
 In noble games I oft great honour won,  
 And was, immortal Romē, thy darling son;  
 When fate, by chance, my various laurels told,  
 And, from their number, guess'd that I was old.

VI.

FROM



AN INSCRIPTION ON AN EMINENT  
ARABIAN STALLION, BELONGING TO  
THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD VISCOUNT  
CULLEN, OF RUSHTON, NORTHAMP-  
TONSHIRE.

LET ALEXANDER boast his thousands slain,  
And CÆSAR glory in a tyrant's reign;  
Far happier arts were my distinguish'd lot,  
'Tis MINE to boast the thousands I've begot.

M I W O M O R E

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

SAINTS, savages, the king, the slave  
Plead no exemption from the grave;  
Then cease the tear, suppress the sigh;  
Like these was KILBUCK doom'd to die.



## ANACREON. ODE XV.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD GULLEN, OF  
RUSHTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

NOT GYGE's treasur'd pelf, which glows  
With all the lustre art bestows,  
Nor the immoderate wealth possess  
By tyrants, e'er affect my breast;  
Ointment alone is all my care;  
Sweet essence to perfume my hair.

Be't mine to crop the blooming rose,  
And with its glories crown my brows;  
In mirth indulge the present hour;  
Who knows? To-morrow's light may lowr.

Then while serene appears the day,  
Make most of life, and drink away;  
Freely at jovial BACCHUS' shrine,  
In large libations pour the wine;  
Left fickle fortune should controul  
Our blifs, and intercept the bowl.

## HORACE BOOK I ODE II.

TO MILITARIANS LATED.

Jam satis terris nivi atque diræ

Grandinis, misit pater ac rubente

Dextera sacras jaculatus arces

Terruit urbem.

Terruit gentes, &c.

**E**NOUGH of rattling hail and snow  
 Offended Jove has pour'd below,  
 And, shaking with his flaming hand  
 The sacred tow'rs, amaz'd the land,

Then while serene  
 Make mof of life, and drink away;  
 Amaz'd the nations, left their crimes  
 Should share the fate of PARRHA'S times;

When  
 HORACE

When to the mountain, from the flood,  
Old PROTEUS drove his scaly brood ;

coming III. A fishy god from under the

And shoals of fish entangl'd hung

'Midst elms, whence late the ring-dove sprung;  
And deer, in vain, astonish'd, try'd  
To stem th' immeasurable tide.

coming IV. A fog rolling down the

Dash'd saw we, on Etruria's shore,

The TIBER break with wild uproar,  
And threaten instantaneous doom  
To VESTA's fane, and NUMA's tomb.

coming V. To the lowly

While Ilia 'plain'd with boundless grief,

Boastful he swell'd for her relief;  
But now, by Jove's command, smooth glides  
Th' uxorious stream in peaceful tides.

## Book VI.

Diminish'd by their fathers crimes,  
 Our youth shall hear, in future times,  
 Of war, which better might have broke  
 The MEDE, reluctant to the yoke.

## VII.

What guardian god shall Rome entreat  
 To save her tott'ring, sinking state?  
 How shall the virgins win the ear  
 Of VESTA, less inclin'd to hear?

## VIII.

Who, by the will of Jove decreed,  
 Shall expiate the guilty deed?

O come, prophetic god! but shroud

Thy radiant shoulders in a cloud.

## IX.

Or VENUS come, with laughter crown'd,  
Whom wanton jest and love furround ;  
Or you whom polish'd helms delight,  
And Moors fierce frowning in the fight.

## X.

Glutted too long with scenes of gore,  
At length your cruel sport give o'er ;  
And instant view, with looks benign,  
Your harass'd, long-neglected line,

## XI.

Or thou, fair MAIA's son, assume  
A mortal shape, ~~in~~ manhood's bloom ;  
Well lov'd by all  
Th' avenger of great CÆSAR's fall.


## XII. Ordain'd

## XII.

Ordain'd by Jove o'er Rome to sway,  
Late may you reach the realms of day;  
While unprovok'd with Roman vice;  
Long in thy smiles shall Rome rejoice.

## XIII.

Here then 'midst mighty triumphs stand,  
Hail'd prince and father of our land;  
Nor let the MEDE, while CÆSAR reigns,  
Unpunish'd plunder Rome's domains.



SEPTEMBER, 1764.

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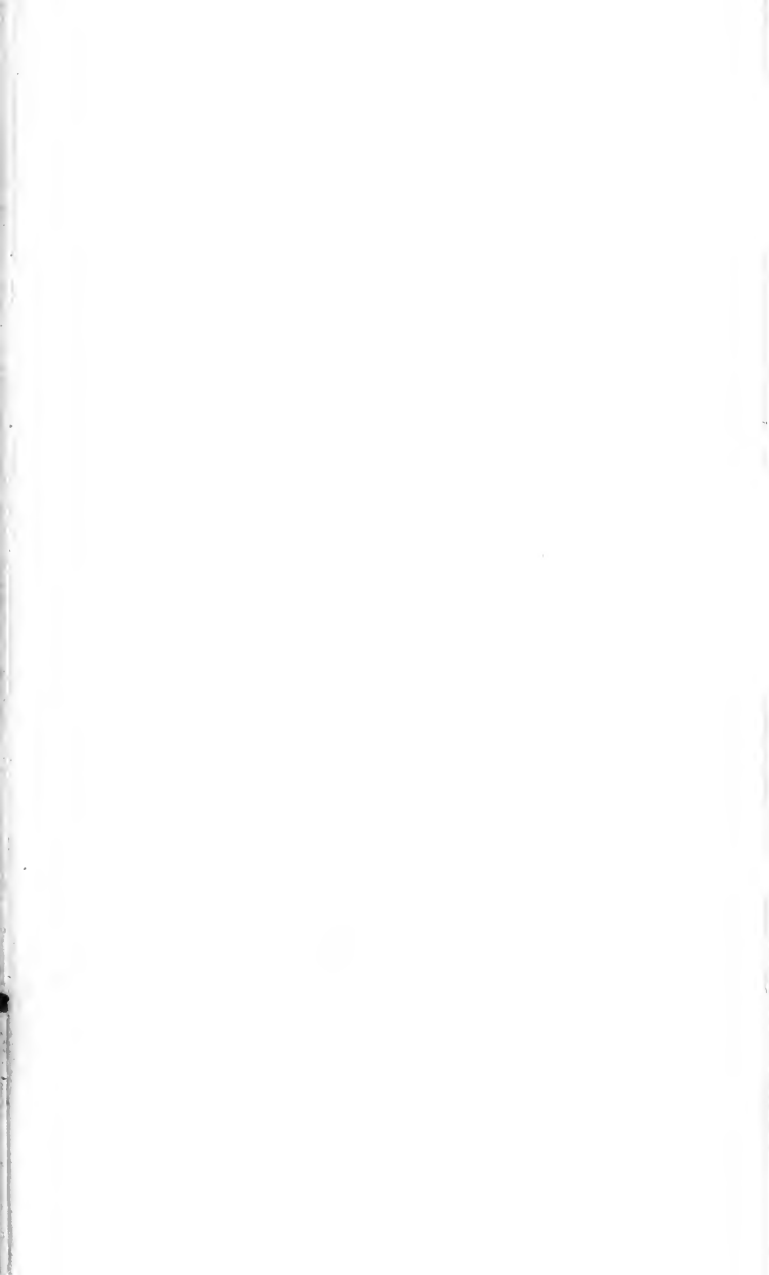
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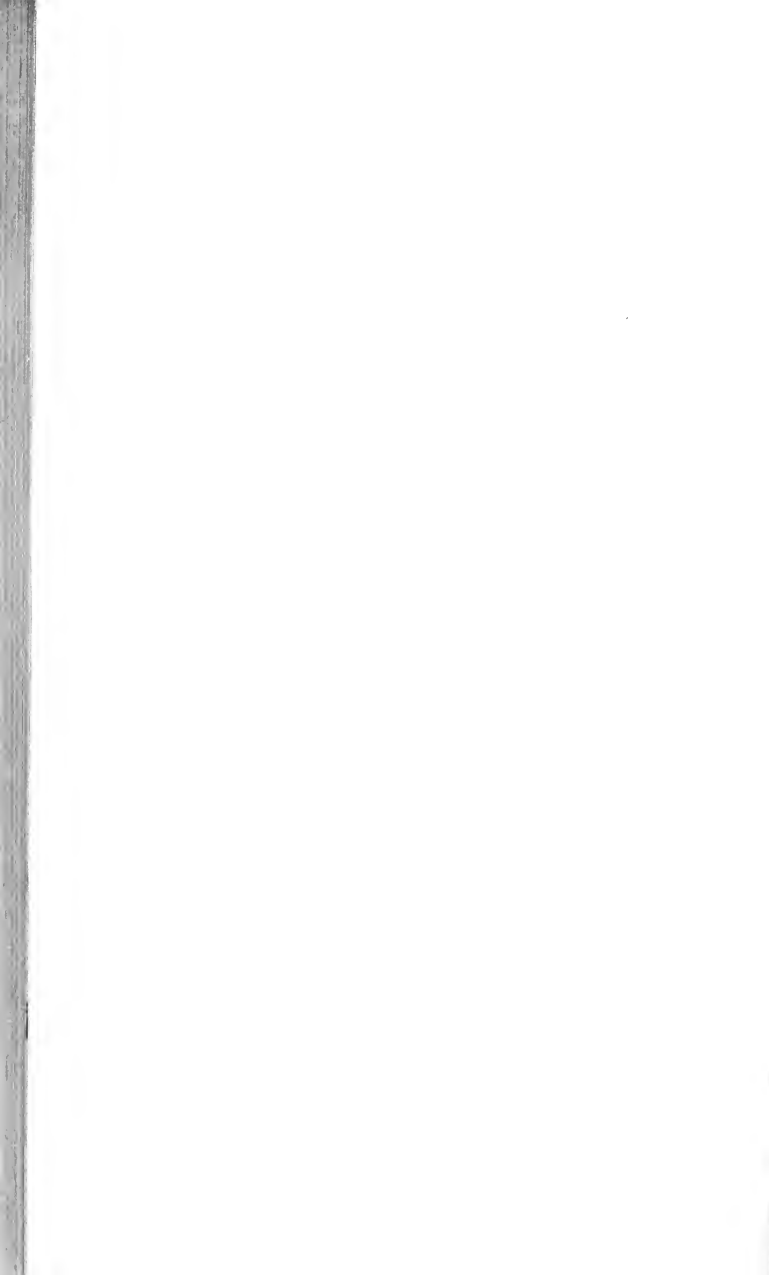
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